

SCREENLAND

May
15¢

BOB GARLAND and GENE KELLY
in "The Pirate"
Novelized in this issue



at SPENCER TRACY by VAN JOHNSON!
as: VAN JOHNSON by SPENCER TRACY!

Amber

the flattering new Glamour Shade!

BETTY HUTTON
in Paramount's
"DREAM
GIRL"



PHOTO BY BUD FRAKER

*Pan-Cake (trademark) means
Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-Up

Pan-Cake* Make-Up
and
Face Powder
color harmonized
to your
natural skin
color tones



HERE'S a sensational new color tone to add romantic glamour to your beauty. It's Amber!...a different, flattering, entrancing shade created by *Max Factor Hollywood* in both Pan-Cake Make-Up and Face Powder. Whatever your natural skin tone there's a new Amber shade for you...a dream color to give you new radiant beauty.

Discover new glamour tonight. Choose the shade of Pan-Cake Make-Up and Face Powder for your skin color tone...see for yourself the lovelier beauty they create.

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FOR FAIR AND CREAMY SKINS

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ALSO NINE OTHER COLOR HARMONY SHADES AVAILABLE



Max Factor * Hollywood

Color Harmony Make-Up...PAN-CAKE BRAND MAKE-UP • POWDER • ROUGE • LIPSTICK



Sister, it can "BLITZ" you!
Start now with **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

THOSE distressing flakes and scales can put you in plenty wrong socially, and can raise hob with the health of your scalp and the looks of your hair.

If you have the slightest symptom, better start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's easy. It's delightful. *And it treats the infection as infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.*

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble.

Almost at once flakes and scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels healthier and your hair looks healthier.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

In a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff after 4 weeks of twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



As a precaution . . . As a treatment . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC AND MASSAGE**

• Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine TOOTH PASTE?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid is never gritty or grainy, will not crystallize or dry out in jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. It will not rot clothing. And it's safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

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SCREENLAND

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First Run Features



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★
MAY, 1948

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SCREENLAND

Judy and Gene are together...

IN M.G.M.'s **TECHNICOLOR** **TREASURE CHEST!**

Judy
GARLAND
Gene
KELLY
in THE
PIRATE

9 BIG NEW SONGS BY
COLE PORTER

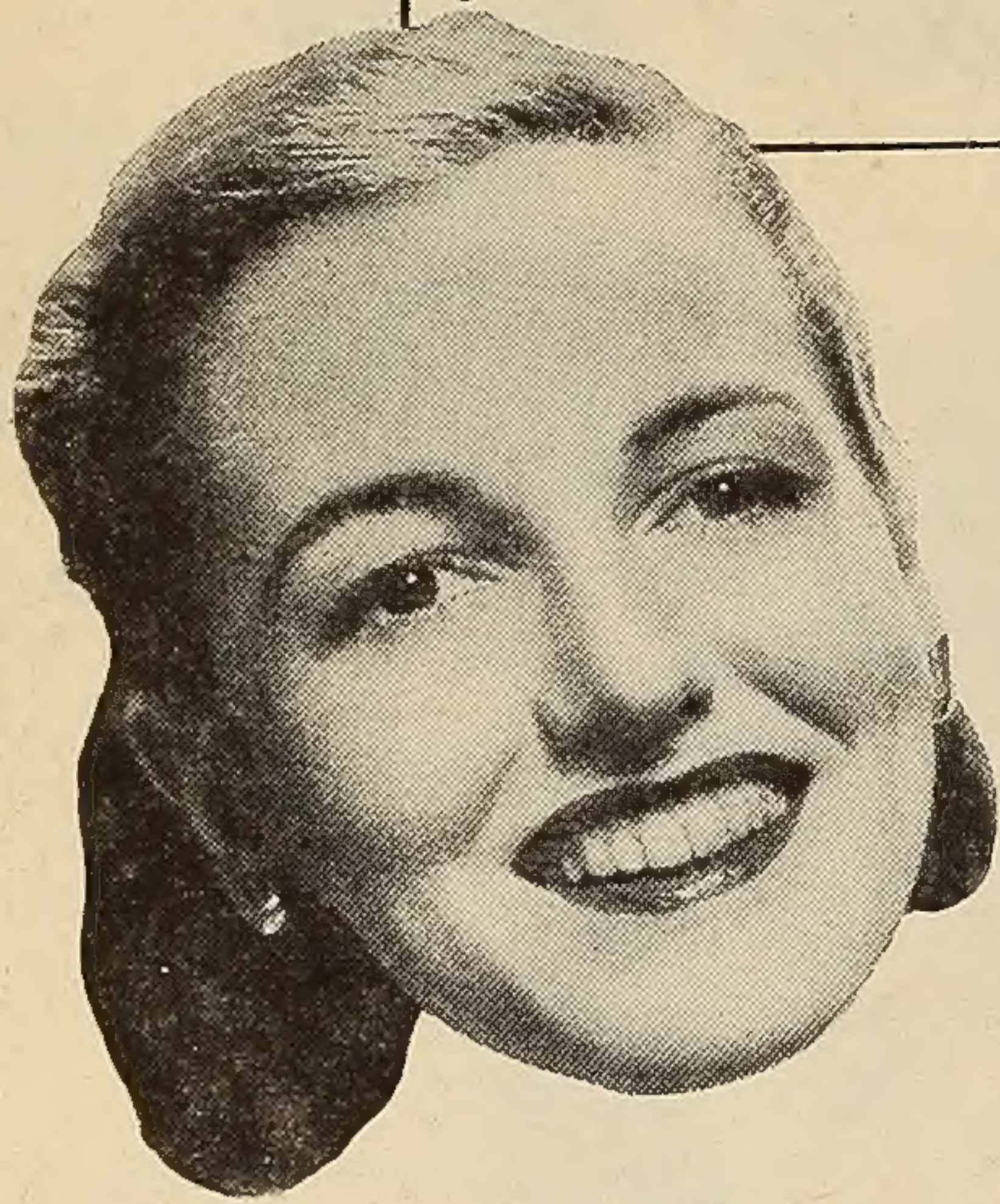
*Singing...
Dancing...
Romancing...
Together!*

One of the
Biggest
Spectacular
Technicolor
Musicals in
M-G-M history!

WALTER SLEZAK • GLADYS COOPER • REGINALD OWEN • Songs by COLE PORTER
Color by **TECHNICOLOR** • Screen Play by **ALBERT HACKETT and FRANCES GOODRICH** • Based on the Play by **S. N. BEHRMAN** • Dance Direction by **ROBERT ALTON and GENE KELLY**
Directed by **VINCENTE MINNELLI** • Produced by **ARTHUR FREED** • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

You feel like a
different person

that's
a promise
from Tampax



How would you like to feel many years younger and twice as active—like a schoolgirl on holiday in the spring? Try using Tampax for monthly protection and discard those belts, pins and pads on "those days." You'll be surprised at the difference! You'll want to run rather than walk. It's like riding in an open car instead of a closed one!

This Tampax method has won the confidence of millions of women and girls who appreciate its daintiness, comfort and thoroughness. Tampax is worn *internally* and it consists of pure surgical cotton compressed in a disposable applicator for easy insertion. With Tampax there is no odor, no chafing—no bulges or edge-lines under your clothing. Why, you can actually wear it in your bath!

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply fits into ordinary purse.... Ask yourself "What am I waiting for?" Act today! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



David Niven and his new bride, the former Hjordes Tersmeden, ex-model.

Gossip

Hot from Hollywood

FOR seven months following their reconciliation, the Mark Stevenses struggled to make their marriage a success. Finally they realized the compatibility so badly needed just wasn't there. This time they talked things over quietly and, at odd moments, tearfully. A property settlement was arranged even before they broke the news. MGM is interested in signing Mrs. Stevens (Annelle Hayes) to a long-term contract, and now she'll probably accept. Mark's going to take a long rest in Honolulu, as soon as he finishes "Street with No Name."

NO, NOT even Rita Hayworth collapsed when David Niven suddenly married. But needless to say, all the girls he left behind him were sort of stunned. Formerly Hjordes (pronounced Yordis) Tersmeden, the new Mrs. Niven is a beautiful Scandinavian. She's already fallen in love with David's two children, who lost their own mother so tragically. And she thinks David's boss, Sam Goldwyn, is pretty special. He offered to run off all her husband's old pictures, so they could become better "acquainted"!

EVIDENTLY "One Touch of Venus" isn't enough for bright new star Howard Duff. He's on the set every day to visit Ava and probably the only reason (Please turn to page 15)

Renewed romance: Howard Duff is Ava Gardner's constant escort as well as her daily visitor on the "One Touch of Venus" set.



LOVE they couldn't resist... **DANGER** they couldn't escape!

Tense scenes, hushed scenes, scenes of held-breath escapades; all this happens because of a kiss that shouldn't have happened!

DENNIS MORGAN

in a role more thrilling than any he's ever had

WARNER BROS.

"To the Victor"

with VICTOR FRANZEN • BRUCE BENNETT • DOROTHY MALONE • TOM D'ANDREA • DELMER DAVES • JERRY WALD
WRITTEN BY RICHARD BROOKS

VIVECA LINDFORS

From Sweden comes a New Star to bring all America a New Kind of screen excitement!

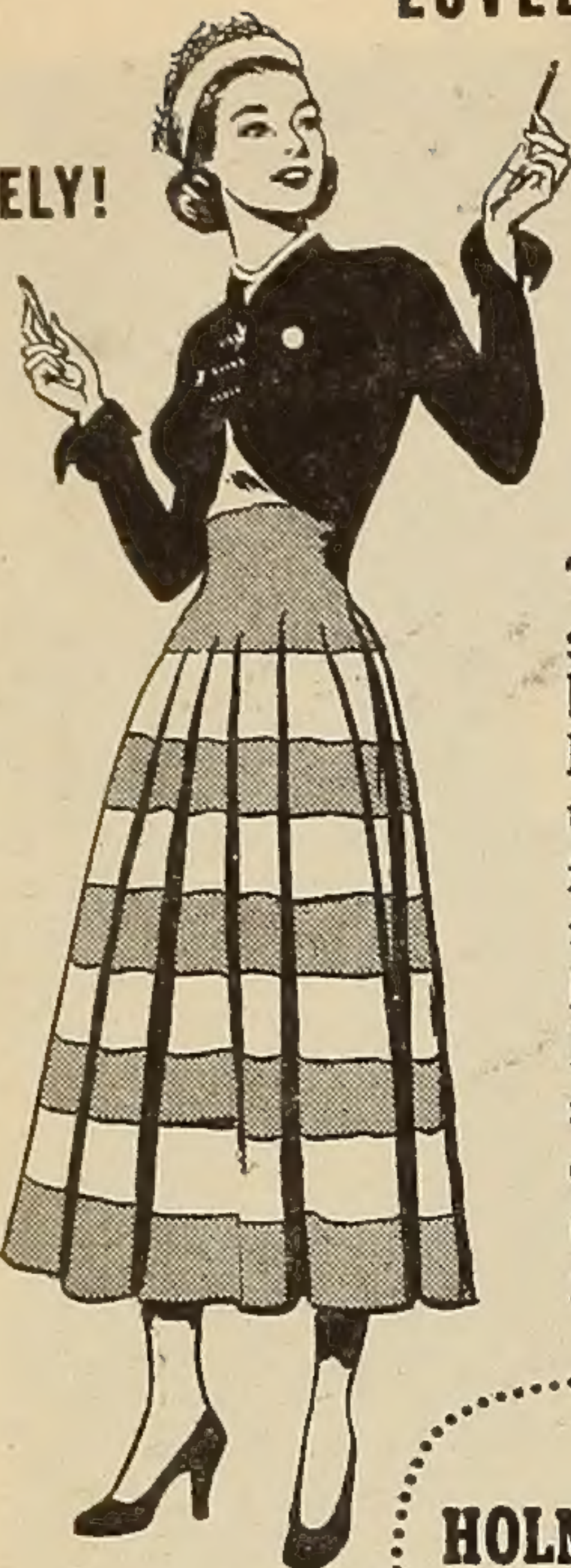
"TO THE VICTOR GOES THIS WOMAN!"



LOVELIER!

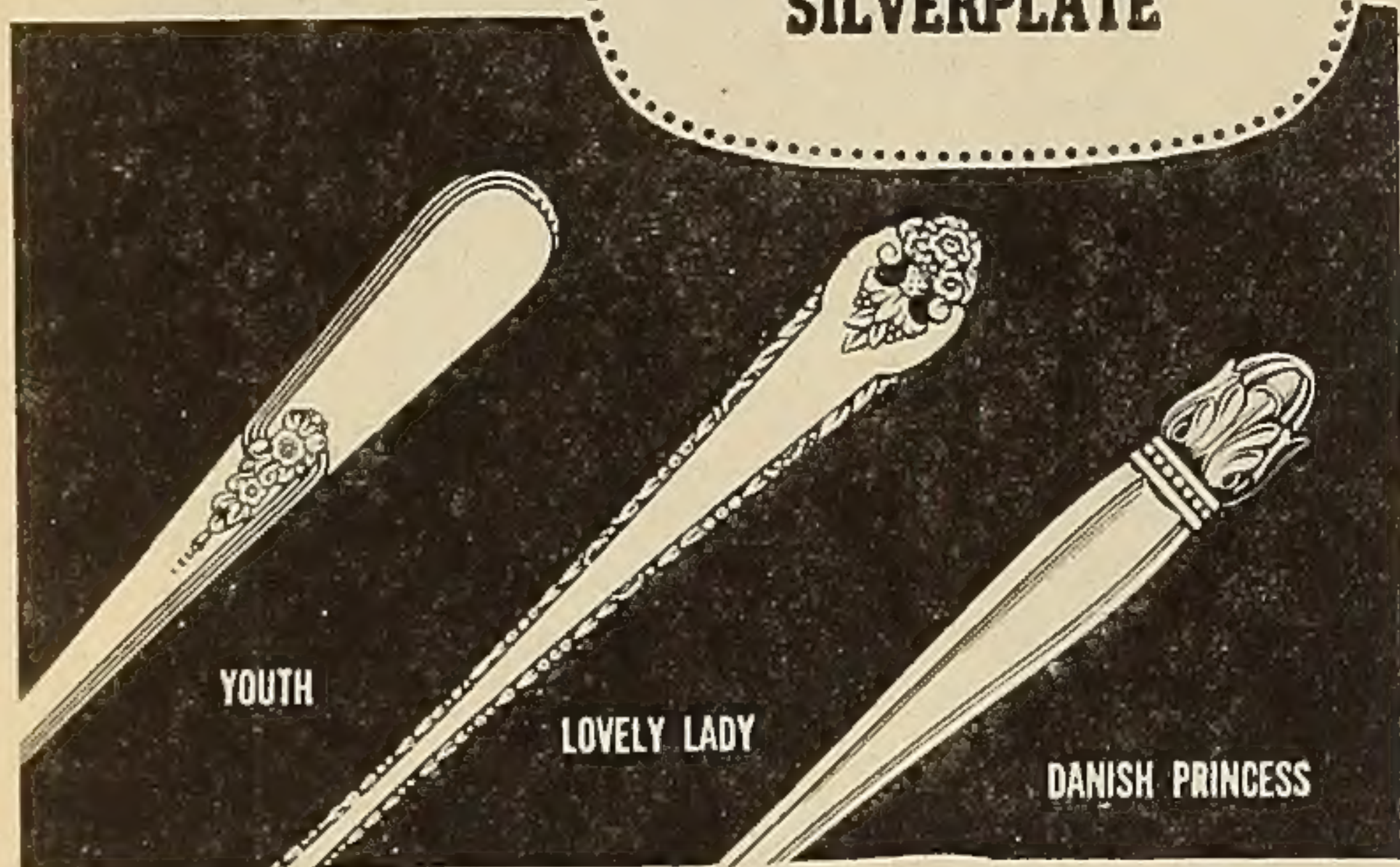
LOVELY!

because of these



The two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 with chest. (No federal tax.) All patterns made in U. S. A.

**HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID®
SILVERPLATE**



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**I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT
MRS. PARADINE**

"I intend that the whole world shall see her as I do...as a noble, self-sacrificing human being."

***GREGORY PECK**

***One of the 7 great stars in
DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S**

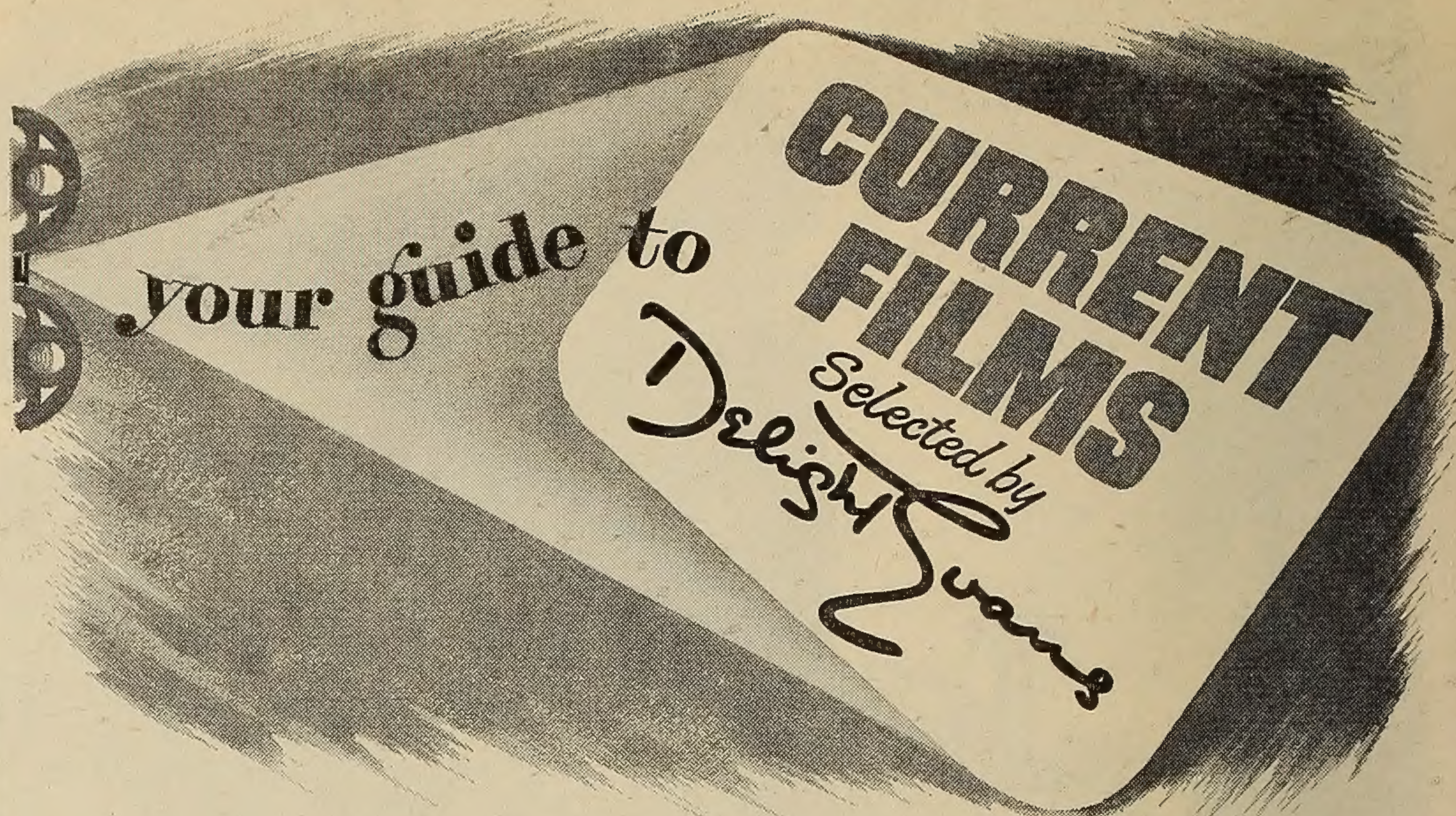
THE PARADINE CASE

starring

**GREGORY PECK • ANN TODD
CHARLES LAUGHTON • CHARLES COBURN
ETHEL BARRYMORE and 2 new Selznick stars
LOUIS JOURDAN and VALLI**

ATTENTION MOVIE FANS!

Send 25c to Selznick Studio, Box 101, Culver City, Calif.
for autographed 8" x 10" picture of Gregory Peck



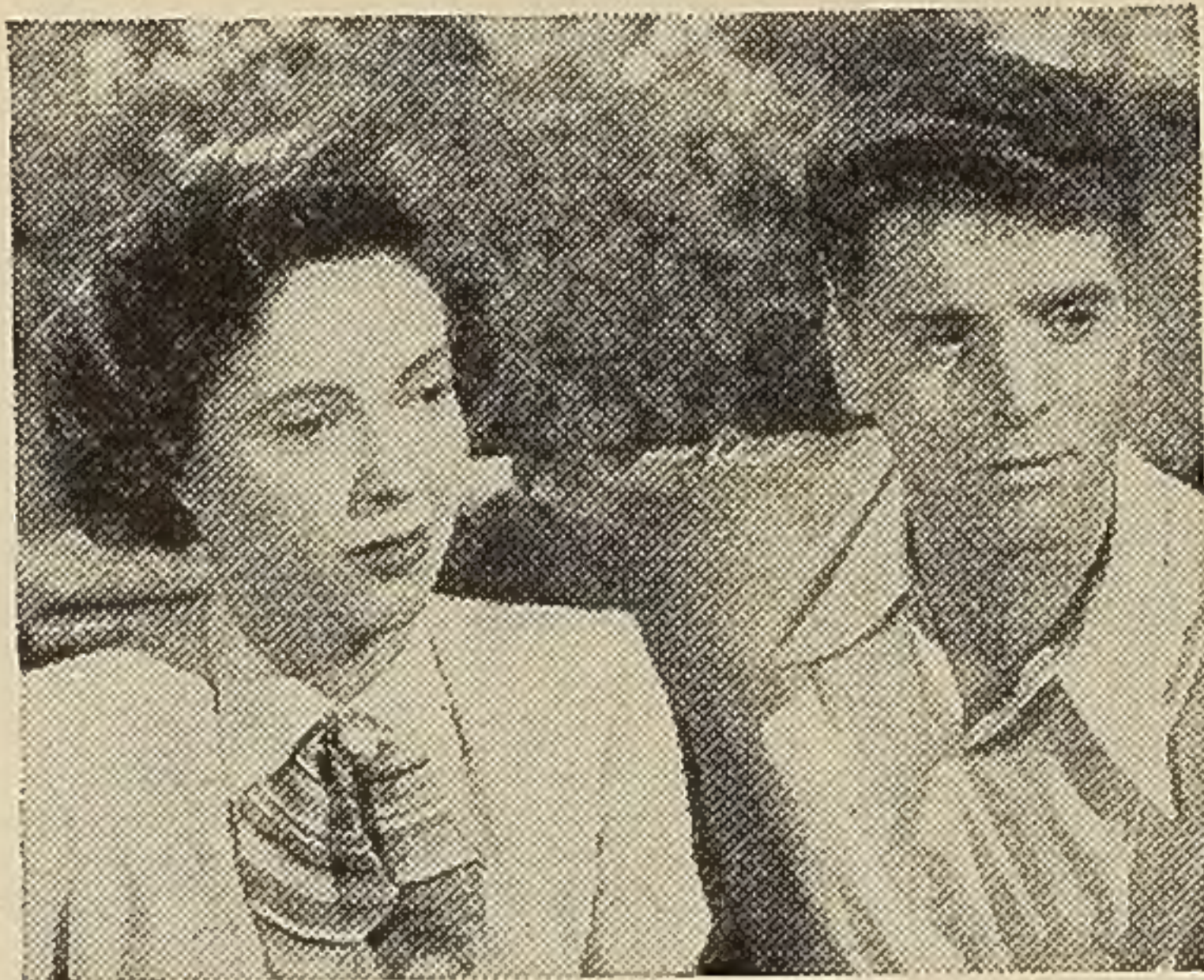
SITTING PRETTY



20th Century-Fox



ALL MY SONS



Universal-International



LADY FROM SHANGHAI



Columbia



B. F.'S DAUGHTER



MGM

You can toss the whole book of adjectives at this scintillating bit of suburbanity—and Clifton Webb, wonderfully funny comedian. The suave Mr. Webb will hold you spellbound in his sideline occupation of baby-sitting with the brat-ish offspring of the personable Robert Young, a young aspiring lawyer, and his charming wife, Maureen O'Hara. Rib-tickling, unusual situations prevail in the baby sitter's technique, partly borrowed from Yogi, in teaching the juveniles good behavior, and his duties as "mother's helper," which cause too much gossip for the community's tongue-wagger, Richard Haydn. Supporting cast, including Louise Allbritton and John Russell, come in for their round of laughs in the surprising denouement of this fascinating plot, which takes you on a joy-ride.

Conscience plays the winning hand in this engrossing family problem story, produced by Chester Erskine and directed by Irving Reis. Edward G. Robinson is dynamic as the factory owner who has successfully lived down the production of a defective shipment of airplane cylinders, causing the death of 21 pilots. His family is respected in the small town where he has tenaciously stamped out the stigma of the investigating trial which sent his partner to prison. His unpunished guilt, however, is ever present, and forms a formidable obstacle to the happiness of his wife, Mady Christians, and son, Burt Lancaster, in love with Louisa Horton, the daughter of his friend and former partner. Expertness of these players and Howard Duff, cast in short but important rôle, hold dramatic moments taut.

Orson Welles has peopled his screenplay, based on a novel by Sherwood King, with a group of the most unsavory characters this side of the seamy side of life—with the exception of himself, the hero and narrator of their nefarious story. In this category he has cast Rita Hayworth as the glamorously beautiful wife, who, in seeking to destroy her marriage ties to the sadistic criminal lawyer, Everett Sloane, solicits the aid of our hero, a sailor on her husband's yacht, while Glenn Anders, law-partner, but playing his own game, works up an intricate murder deal with the seaman. Nice people? Perhaps not, but Orson Welles drains every ounce of drama from the plot and incorporates in the process some of the most interesting camera effects we've seen since his last dramatic production.

The rich girl meets poor boy angle of this film version of John Marquand's popular novel presents Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin in as heartwarming a romance as any tender-hearted femme could want. But the capitalist-labor angle, forming a nebulous cloud around their happy marriage, which her wealth holds in precarious balance, never comes down to brass tacks. (Perhaps too much has been said on the subject anyway!) Charles Coburn makes a vivid character of the self-made industrialist, B. F., whose fabulous enterprises are untouched by the disastrous depression of the early '30's. Keenan Wynn scores as the colorful, inaccurate newscaster, and Richard Hart clicks as the righteous, blue-blood lawyer. Elaborate production and stars' performances make top film fare.

SCREENLAND

"I told you...
you know
nothing
about wickedness..."

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Rita
HAYWORTH • ORSON
WELLES

in
The Lady from Shanghai

with Everett SLOANE and Glenn ANDERS • Screenplay and Production by Orson WELLES



A Gripping Tale



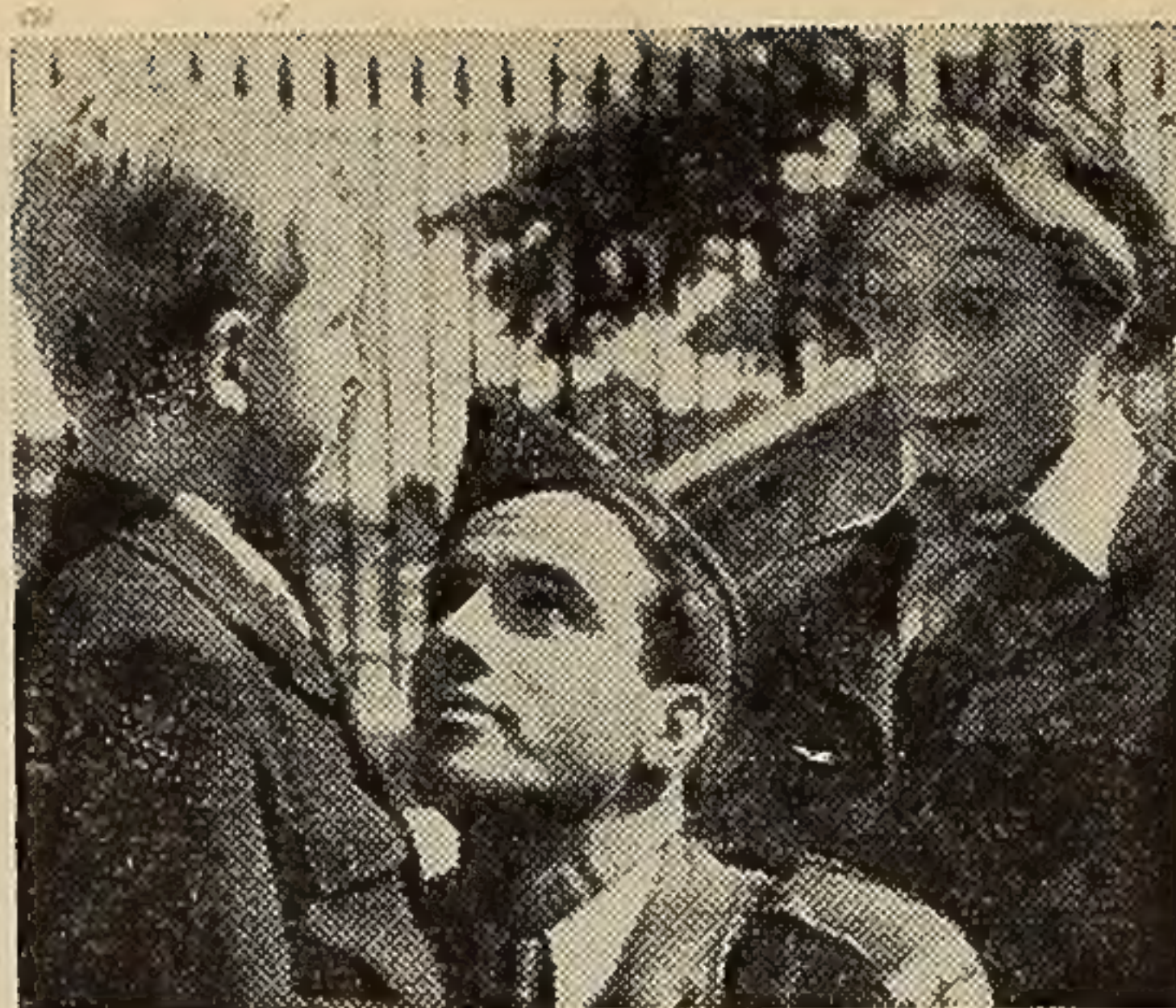
DeLong Bob Pins hold your hair as firmly as a thriller holds your attention...

The Stronger Grip DeLong boasts about is no mere slogan dreamed-up by ad-writers... It's a fact as cold and hard as the high-carbon steel that goes into these quality bob pins... Try them and see how much better DeLong Bob Pins stay in your hair, how much longer they keep their strength and springy action... You'll never go back to the wishy-washy kind of bob pin that's in your hair one minute and in your lap the next. Always remember—

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS



THE SEARCH—MGM

The hand of friendship extended by a young American to one of Europe's homeless children forms the theme of this most unusual picture, first feature to be filmed in occupied Germany. The simple good fellowship of the soldier, dynamically portrayed by Montgomery Clift, as he first tames and then aids the terrorized displaced boy in his search for his mother makes for heartwarming entertainment, never maudlin, always dramatically absorbing, very often hilariously funny. You'll welcome Clift as a grand new personality; you'll applaud Met Opera star Jarmila Novotna's touchingly beautiful performance as the mother, and Aline MacMahon's forthright sincerity as the UNNRA worker. Little Ivan Jandl is amazingly good as the boy who gets a break because America has a great big heart and a generous open hand.



TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH—Columbia

As the title indicates, this semi-documentary production of Sidney Buchman provides a widely varying geographic background for one of the most highly adventurous stories of this, or any month. Based on data in the U. S. Treasury files, it presents Dick Powell, shunning overly heroic histrionics, as the T-Man who tracks down an opium gang with assistance from Chinese, French, Egyptian and English enforcement agents (which enhances and promotes the one-world idea). Signe Hasso, an English governess and Maylia, her little Chinese companion, an absorbing combination of "sugar and dynamite," bring about climax which will leave you gasping with surprise.



ADVENTURES OF CASANOVA—Eagle Lion

The romantic and chivalrous swashbuckling of this 18th Century Sicilian character, widely known in the field of fiction, is played to the hilt by Arturo de Cordova. Ladies succumb to his "line" as regularly as clockwork, but he also finds a full-time job in aiding the patriots, led by Turhan Bey and Fritz Leiber, to throw off the heavy yoke of Spanish and Austrian rule, incidentally rescuing the damsel in distress, Lucille Bremer, from an unwanted marriage with the tyrannical governor, John Sutton. Noreen Nash also appeals in the romance section as Turhan Bey's lady fair.



THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS—RKO-Radio

Yes, it's "just as good as the book." In fact, we say it's even better than Russell Janney's best-seller, because the practically perfect casting results in wonderful performances of every leading rôle—a rare thing—illuminating the original point and purpose to brilliant effect. If you missed the book you'll enjoy the picture even more for its inspiring theme and surprising twists of plot. Fred MacMurray as the Hollywood press agent who discovers a beautiful unknown and persuades his producer boss to star her in "Joan of Arc" conveys precisely the right feeling as he promotes the girl to greatness, only to lose her. Valli, in direct contrast to her worldly rôle in "The Paradine Case," is refreshingly lovely here. Frank Sinatra is fine as the helpful priest, and Lee J. Cobb couldn't possibly be better as the frank movie producer.



SONG OF MY HEART—Allied Artists

The fictional story based on the life and career of Peter Ilyitch Tschaikovsky presents in the rôle of the famous composer a new Swedish actor, Frank Sundstrom, who is destined to make a big hit with American moviegoers. He makes a romantic figure of Tschaikovsky, as seen through the eyes of his man-servant, (Mikhail Rasumny, contributing a superb acting job) who relates the events of his master's early unhappy marriage and the tender poignant romance with his unknown sponsor, a Russian princess played with appropriate elegance by Audrey Long. For music lovers, the cream of the classic compositions are given inspiring rendition in numerous scenes.



THE SIGN OF THE RAM—Columbia

Susan Peters has been given the plum rôle of a possessive, demanding though devoted stepmother which she handles with the same expert artistry which her fans noted in her pictures before her confinement to a wheelchair. She is to be admired and commended. Alexander Knox gives a fine performance as the husband, and father of Alene Roberts and Ross Ford, who, as children she rescued from a sea disaster, were the cause of their stepmother's invalidism. Her subtle machinations to hold her family to her builds to a high point of tension and intervening events add greatly to suspense.

TERROR RIDES THE BERLIN EXPRESS!



FIRST American picture to take its stars inside war-ravaged Europe!



ADVENTURE starts in Paris when U. S. agent begins journey to Berlin!

Loaded with the treachery of international hatreds... filmed in Germany, against the actual backdrop of bomb-wrecked cities!



FIGHT to death in an underground hideout... a brewery in Frankfurt!



OFF LIMITS! A cafe where black markets and deadly intrigue flourish!

Merle Oberon · Robert Ryan Charles Korvin · Paul Lukas in *Berlin Express*

DORE SCHARY in Charge of Production
Produced by BERT GRANET
Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR
Screen Play by HAROLD MEDFORD





I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT MRS. PARADINE

"She is bad, bad to the bone. If ever there was an evil woman, she is one."

*LOUIS JOURDAN

*One of the 7 great stars in
DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

THE PARADINE CASE

starring

GREGORY PECK • ANN TODD
CHARLES LAUGHTON • CHARLES COBURN
ETHEL BARRYMORE and 2 new Selznick stars
LOUIS JOURDAN and VALLI

ATTENTION MOVIE FANS!

Send 25c to Selznick Studio, Box 101, Culver City, Calif.
for autographed 8" x 10" picture of Louis Jourdan.

TEETH should show
in your smile
NEVER in your
HAIR-DO

Teeth never show
with

Goody *

KANT-SLIP* COMBS

Because only Kant-Slip Combs have
CONCEALED Tight-Gripping Teeth

Only Goody Kant-Slip Combs have this overlapping patented construction making the teeth invisible in your hair



ONLY
10c



Available in
a variety of popular sizes at leading
5 and 10c stores and notion counters.

*REG. TRADEMARK

FOR BETTER HAIR AIDS
BETTER REACH FOR GOODY

STAR OF THE MONTH: LARRY PARKS

FANS' FORUM



HOLLYWOOD'S NEW LOOK \$10.00 Prize

I hear that Hollywood has subscribed to a "new look" policy whereby scenes depicted will be slightly less breathtaking and a lot more believable, while our stars will subscribe to a more natural look.

May I register 100% approval? I'm truly looking forward to the day when a gal goes in swimming and emerges with wet, dripping hair, looking as silly as I do; when my husband will see the beautiful heroine awake with her hair in curlers, (at which time he may see that I don't do too badly, after all); and when the wife of a guy who makes \$3,000 or less per annum goes to the Greasy Spoon in mouton instead of the Stork Club in mink.

FRANCES B. GRAFE, Bloomington, N. Y.

KISSLESS MENACE \$5.00 Prize

We are two average girls who attend the movies once or twice a week. When asked who are our favorite stars, we immediately answer, Jean Pierre Aumont, Rory Calhoun and Burt Lancaster. We liked Burt Lancaster in such tough gangster rôles as "The Killers," "Brute Force," etc., but yesterday we saw him in "Desert Fury" as the patrol cop, Tom. That was the best.

We have only one complaint. During the entire picture, John Hodiak kissed Lizabeth Scott so many times it was getting monotonous. Burt, who was the real hero, didn't even kiss her once. In one scene she gave him a peck on the cheek. He didn't even return it. In the end, we chewed our nails practically to the elbow waiting for the kiss to make it a happy ending. But what happened? They merely walk off into the twilight together, hand in hand.

DORIS GOLDBERG & SYLVIA GITLIN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

TEEN TEAM \$1.00 Prize

So far MGM has only shown a young and lovely girl, none other than Jane

Powell, singing with a voice good enough to sound like lovely Jeanette MacDonald's. But why don't they start scouting for a young man, also in his teens, who may have a voice as good as Nelson Eddy's, and co-star him with Jane Powell? I'm sure it would bring a new twist in movie making. Pic. WILLIAM RIVALS, c/o P.M., New York, N.Y.

THE PARKS ROLE \$1.00 Prize

When I heard that Gene Kelly was suggested to play Al Jolson in the sequel to "The Jolson Story," I was very mad. In my opinion, no one could beat Larry Parks in that place, except Al himself. Larry looks so natural, I just don't think anyone else could do as good an imitation of Jolson. Although I am a Gene Kelly fan, too, I do hope he doesn't play that rôle.

CAROL WILLIAMS, Bloomington, Ill.

DREAM STUFF \$1.00 Prize

At last I have seen two pictures with typical teen-age boys. The pictures are "Margie" and "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer"; the boys are Conrad Janis and Johnny Sands. I have seen many pictures with boys who were supposed to be "dream stuff" but none of them are the real McCoys as these two are. They are really something worth looking at, whereas others are like something out of the comic strip. I know this isn't just the younger generation's world, but we would certainly appreciate more teen-age pictures.

MARGARET ANN ANDERSON, Augusta, Ga.

MARRIED MOVIE TEAM \$1.00 Prize

Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston were made for each other. In real life, they proved it by falling in love and marrying. In reel life, their attractiveness and wonderful singing talents would be hard to beat, and where could Technicolor

(Please turn to page 16)

They're off on their maddest, merriest adventure !!

...with the bullets
and the laughs
coming thick and fast!



EAGLE LION FILMS PRESENTS

BUD ABBOTT ★ LOU COSTELLO

"The **Noose**
Hangs High *"*

WITH
JOSEPH CALLEIA
LEON ERROL
CATHY DOWNS

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
CHARLES BARTON
Screenplay by John Grant & Howard Harris

Jane Powell and Scotty Beckett have a big date. Armed with posies, comes Scotty and note that Jane lets him in. A lovely dance it was, but comes, alas, time to say goodnight. Jane tells Scotty she had a super time and from his face we know he did, too. See them both in "A Date With Judy"



DO YOU long to have the telephone ring and a husky voice say "How about a date, Kate?" Don't say no, or I'll know you're fibbing. Every girl loves the jingle-jangle of the Ameche when the voice on the other end belongs to a handsome handsome she's just dying to date. Well, it's the season when a young man's fancy turns to you-know-what and if you're a good date you'll

circulate. If you want to get in on the know-how, maybe you'll get a few pointers from the following. Hope so, let's go!

First of all, you have to rate a date. You have to be around when things are happening. In school, try to get on the social committees but don't try to boss everything. Follow through with ideas and get in with the mob. Join the young peoples' clubs in your town and stay

active in them. Keep your appearance neat. Don't overdo current styles but, on the other hand, don't be an old hat. There's a medium in fashion and the boys would rather you looked well-groomed than well-plumed, if you get what I mean.

Whatever you do, don't chase your man. Boys are embarrassed when they are besieged with female phone calls. Their families josh them about it and they butt in—no fellow likes to be told whom to date. So after you've asked the light of your life out once, don't do it again until you're a steady or he'll wind up saying "no" and probably the only reason

Date Etiquette

If you want to rate a date, then get hep to date etiquette. It works, (and how!) says Jane Powell

By
**Claire
Finucane**



is that you haunted him. He wants to do the "picking" so let him go if his choice isn't you.

When you do get that all-important date, do watch your actions. For one thing, don't go about trying to impress every other trousered individual, stick to the man who "brung you" in the first place. Don't make with corny puns or double talk, and forget the sarcasm—it just doesn't go. Be gay, be feminine, but, above all, be natural. Don't try to impress, have fun yourself and your man will enjoy being with you.

Go easy on the spending if your swain is a schoolboy or struggling businessman. When he asks you what you'd like to do, ask him first if he has a preference. If he hasn't any, then you might come through with two or three ideas and then let him pick.

During the evening, keep the conversation going but don't monopolize it. Talk about mutual interests. The local basketball or football team always provides enough talk for conversation. Sound out your partner first on his likes and dislikes and then carry through on conversation. Above all, don't show that you know everything. Ask him questions on what he thinks about certain subjects like the theater or sports.

Don't stay out until the wee hours of morning or he'll get the wrong impression. If he encourages you to stay out later say you have to get your beauty sleep or something like that. If you've made a hit, he'll call you again and if you haven't, then staying out late certainly won't help the situation.

When it comes to the parting of the ways, don't linger. Nothing wrong with a goodnight kiss, of course, but no long drawn out affairs—he'll think you're man-starved. Nor is it good policy to ask him in after your folks have gone to bed. Say good-night, you had lots of fun. If you've made a hit, you'll know it because when you have a good time, it's a sure bet that your date will too.

Gossip Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

Gardner (yes, it's on again) and the way that man looks at her! Um-m-m! The day she started shooting, Howard gave her a Siamese cat, appropriately named "Venus." Poor Ava had to tell him she's allergic to cat fur and couldn't keep the pet.

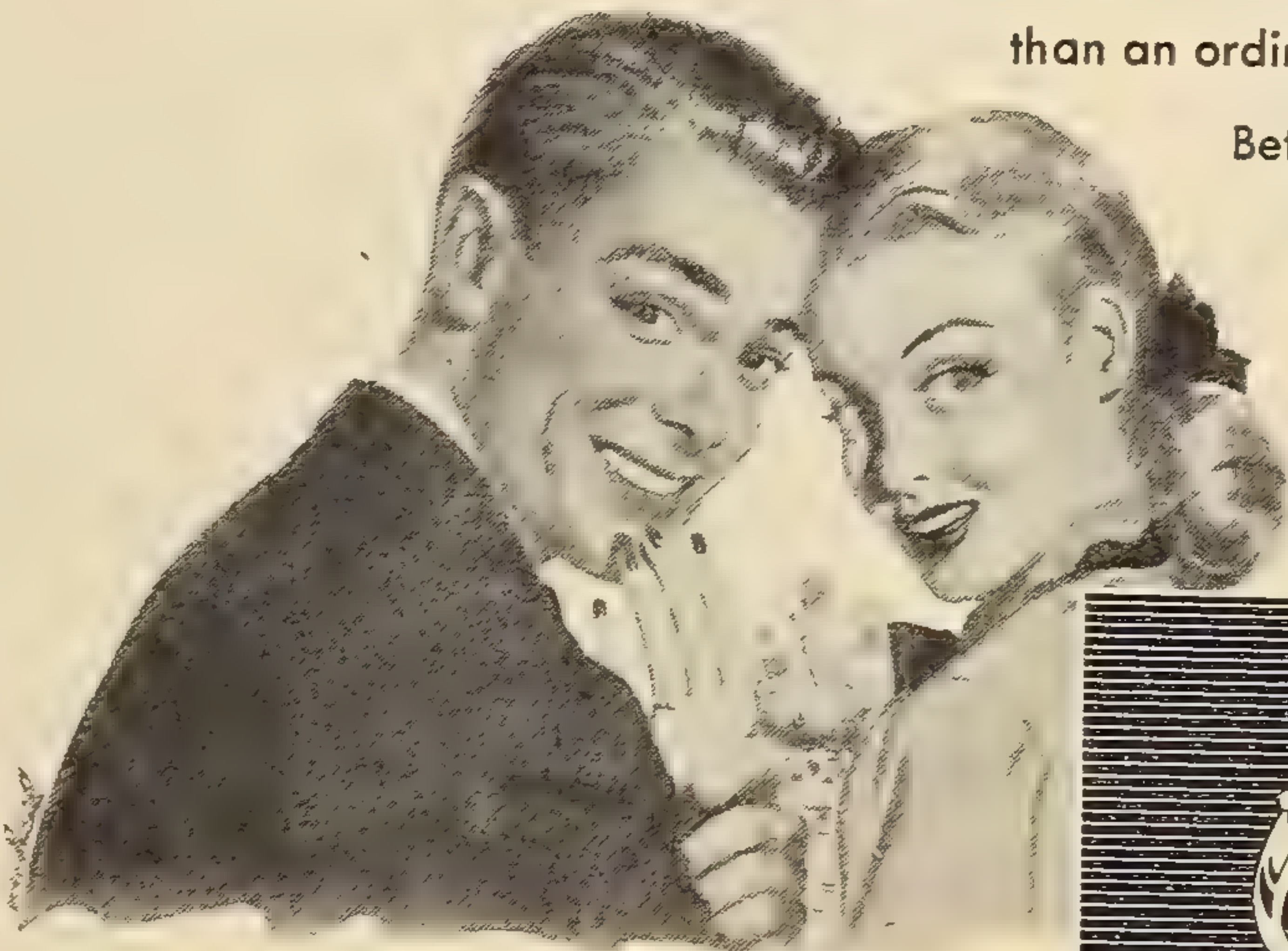
WHEN (and if) Lana Turner marries Bob Topping, there's a diamond necklace already selected for her wedding present. She has her engagement ring, a magnificent diamond cut in a diamond (like on playing cards) design. For her birthday recently, Bob gave a party in the Garden Room of the Bel Air Hotel. He hired an orchestra; individual tables were banked with white orchids. His little gift this time was a huge black star sapphire ring, encrusted with diamonds. They've been shooting around Lana on "The Three Musketeers" until she sheds a few pounds—but she's definitely doing the picture.

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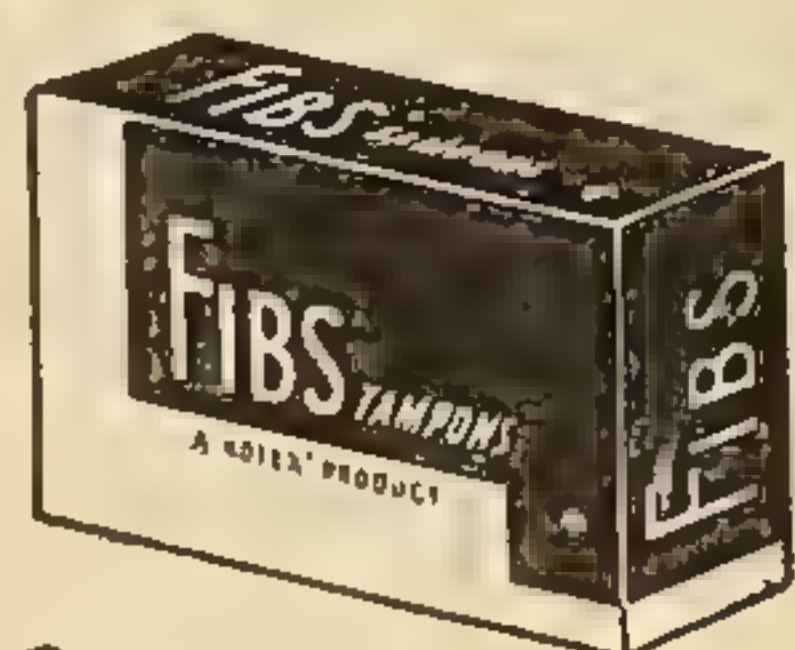
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Teen-agers have their say in "Make Way for Youth," film directed by Marvin Rothenberg for Youth Division of National Social Assembly, narrated by Melvyn Douglas for Eagle Lion release. Above, Recreation Division vote to give average town's youth clubs a chance to fight prejudice after a boy's tragic death in a street fight. Below, youngsters gather for meeting of Youth Council.



Fans' Forum

Continued from page 12

find a more effective combination than in Kathryn's dark beauty and Johnnie's blond handsomeness?

Kathryn's popularity is unquestioned, and Johnnie's fan following is terrific, especially in the East where he made his name. With the right rôles he can easily join the ranks of such stars as Van Johnson and Peter Lawford.

LAUREL McDUFF and MILLIE CASHIN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

SUCCESSFUL HANDICAP

\$1.00 Prize

Handicaps hinder some people but not those who possess the twin qualities of ability and perseverance. I refer to Mickey Rooney and his shortness of stature which might have impeded him if he had not level-headedly ignored it. For years I have watched Mickey "handicap" himself right up to stardom, while many of the tall-dark-and-handsomes, who relied more on personal appeal than hard work, were left at the post.

I think that Mickey several years ago could have played maturer rôles, such as those given Edward G. Robinson, who is not so very tall himself. I hope that Mickey will soon be cast in more adult parts. His "handicap" will hinder him no more there than it did in the juvenile pictures, for to people like him a handicap is really an added reason to forge ahead forcefully and effectively.

R. JAY BUTNER, Laurel, Md.



Youth Council member tours community to enlist support. Below, youth center becomes a reality—with everybody helping!



*MRS. PARADINE
IS ON TRIAL
FOR HER LIFE

*Valli

*One of the 7 great stars in
DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

THE PARADINE CASE

starring

GREGORY PECK • ANN TODD
CHARLES LAUGHTON • CHARLES COBURN
ETHEL BARRYMORE and 2 new Selznick stars
LOUIS JOURDAN and VALLI

ATTENTION MOVIE FANS!

Send 25c to Selznick Studio, Box 101, Culver City, Calif.
for autographed 8" x 10" picture of Valli

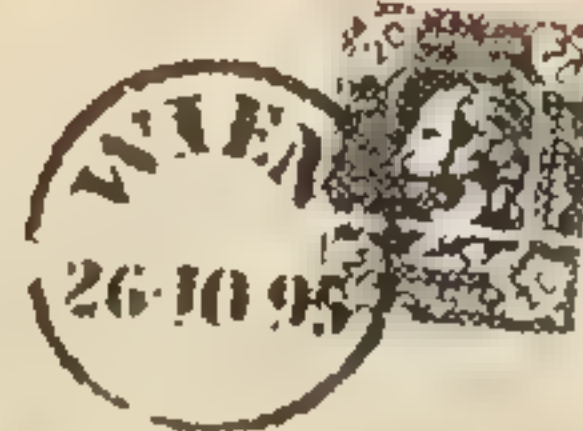
I've had no will
but yours... ever

...what I gave,
I gave with all my
heart... Yet you did
not even remember
my name!"



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents
JOAN FONTAINE
Unforgettably Matched for Love with
LOUIS JOURDAN
Romantic New Star of "The Paradine Case"

“Letter from an
Unknown Woman”



with
MADY CHRISTIANS • MARCEL JOURNET • ART SMITH • CAROL YORKE • Screenplay by Howard Koch
From the Story by Stefan Zweig • Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN • Directed by MAX OPULS • A RAMPART PRODUCTION



"I found the night . . . and it was dark as his eyes . . .

I felt the dawn . . . and it was tender as his arms . . .

In the hollow of my beloved's hand . . . I saw

the whole world . . . and my own destruction!"

*Vivien Leigh
in the most
magnificent love
story ever
written!*



with KIERON MOORE • SALLY ANN HOWES (permission of the J. Arthur Rank Organization)

Directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER • A London Film Production • Released by 20th Century-Fox



On location in New Mexico for their co-starring picture, "Four Faces West," for Enterprise-United Artists, Joel and Frances Dee McCrea are right at home—they're real ranchers themselves, can take the rugged life in their stride. In the film, Joel plays a cowboy turned bank bandit, in love with Frances in the rôle of a railroad nurse, left.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. AND MRS. JOEL McCREA

The Editor's Page

SO YOU'RE teaming up in a new picture. I think that's a fine idea. Why aren't there more Mister and Missus teams in the movies, anyway?

Don't tell me. It's all too plain. After proudly announcing to customers that Mr. and Mrs. Star would soon be seen at the local theater in "Always in Love," it might

be embarrassing to the exhibitor to have to change it to read: Mr. Star and his Ex in "Not Any More."

But in your case, I'm not even keeping my fingers crossed. Married fourteen years, parents of two swell sons, you seem to have licked the Hollywood marriage jinx. Perhaps because you, Joel, never tried to hold the Little Woman in the home, but let her make a movie whenever she wanted to. And you, Frances, who once said you'd never, never live on any old ranch, not you, gave in and got to love it. It could also be that you're two pretty nice, down-to-earth people, who haven't let Joel's considerable fortune and screen success spoil you.

It might be fun, at that, to see

Cowboy talking to his horse is an old story. When horse talks to cowboy, that's news. Right above, Charles Bickford, who plays a U. S. Marshal on Joel's trail in the film, gives him a helping hand after the day's work.

other happily (at this writing) married couples make an occasional movie together. Let's see, now: Gene and Betsy Blair Kelly, for example; Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Betty Grable and Harry James, Dick and June Allyson Powell, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, Larry Parks and Betty Garrett, Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell—hey, what am I saying? That's a long list, isn't it? Maybe you McCreas are pioneering a New Trend and don't even know it. Well, that's okay with all us fans—just so you don't ever let us down.

Delight Evans



"I Remember Mama's" Daughter!



You won't be forgetting Barbara Bel Geddes in a hurry after you've seen her as Irene Dunne's darling daughter in RKO's new film. Left above, in character. Other closeups, "cute face" herself in formal and informal moods.

Color photos by Gaston Lenget

By Lynn Bowers

IF YOU were an appealingly pretty girl with small ears stuck on close to your head, nice blonde hair, alternately grave and laughing eyes, a generous well-shaped mouth, all your curves in the right places, a handsome husband and a pretty little daughter, looked much younger than your twenty-five years and, on top of all that, were a really good actress, how would *you* like to be called unglamorous right out in uncompromising print?

Well, there's a girl in Hollywood who can tell you. Her name is Barbara Bel Geddes and she got the "unglamorous" tag when her first picture, "The Long Night," was reviewed. The notice in question started out fine—"darn good actress, untheatrical," and then, oops, came *the* word, "unglamorous."

She tried to be just real hurt about it, but somehow she couldn't. "Get you, girl," she said to herself, "you're unglamorous." She thought maybe because she was born on Hallowe'en people expected her to fly in on a broomstick. She tried to make like an actress looking tragic but what came out was the grin of a gal with a healthy sense of humor. "So you *have* a funny face and someone called you unglamorous," went her train of thought, "but you are also in Hollywood making pictures."

And that's precisely what Barbara enjoys doing most. In fact, her plans from the age of sixteen, when she first went on the stage, always included Hollywood even though the film town didn't include her until she made a sensational success of her part in the Broadway play, "Deep Are the Roots." "I thought," she said, "it was going to be a lot easier than it is. People told me after being on the stage I'd just walk through pictures. Even some directors I've met think a stage actress has nothing more to learn. How wrong can you be? You need plenty of help and understanding, you learn every day."

She admits to being scared of acting when she doesn't understand a scene and nobody explains how she should do it. This, however, is not a fault of George Stevens, who directs her in her latest picture, "I Remember Mama." She says, "He is superb, understands everybody's personality, coaxes them into doing scenes with a smile, a nod, a wave of his hand or the flick of an eyebrow. One day he got me to do a scene I was afraid of by rushing me into it, by not giving me the time to think. As a director he's wonderful and exciting. You can see him think and when he does everyone on the set quiets down, probably trying to *hear* him think."

Barbara believes maybe the critics will get a chance to call her unglamorous again because of her part in "I Remember Mama." As *Katrin*, *Mama's* oldest daughter, she goes from the age of fourteen to eighteen in the costumes of a far from prosperous family of the 1910 pe-

Cute Face



"Unglamorous," they called Barbara Bel Geddes. But is she?

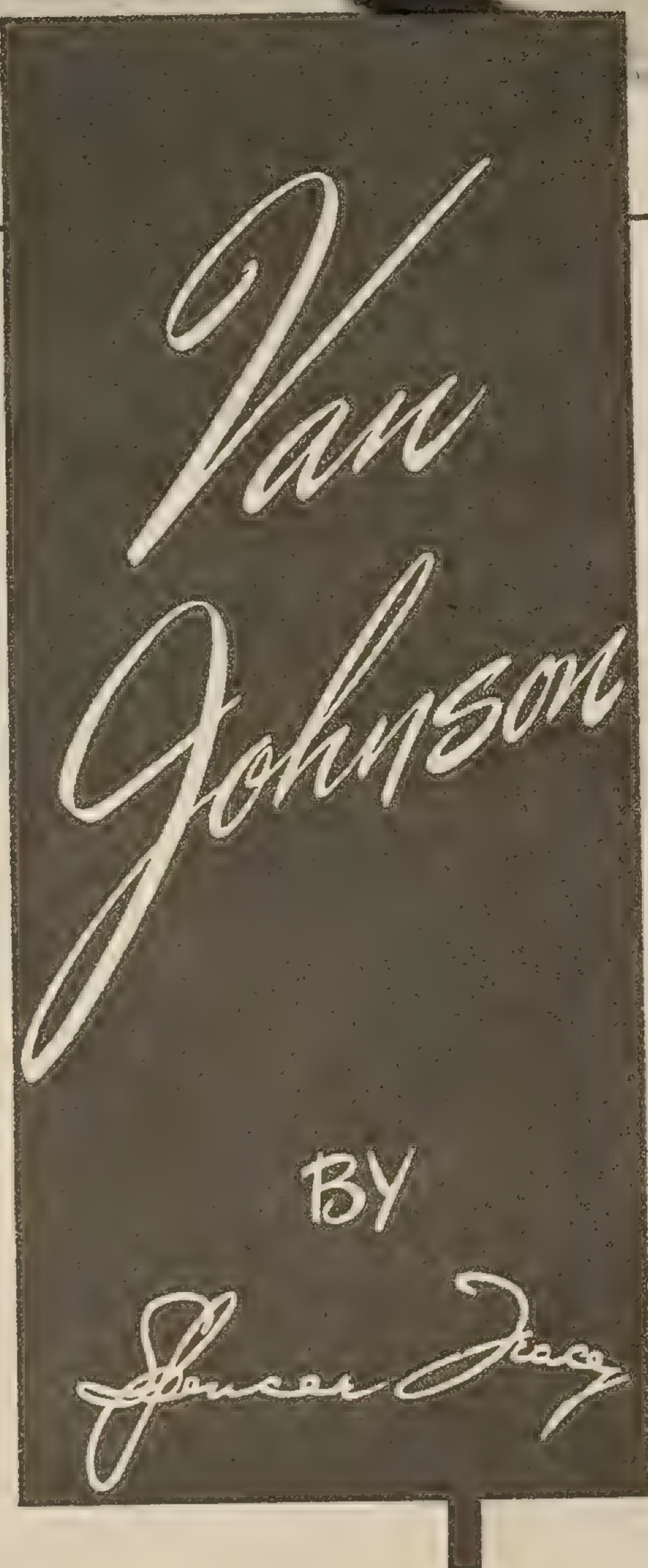
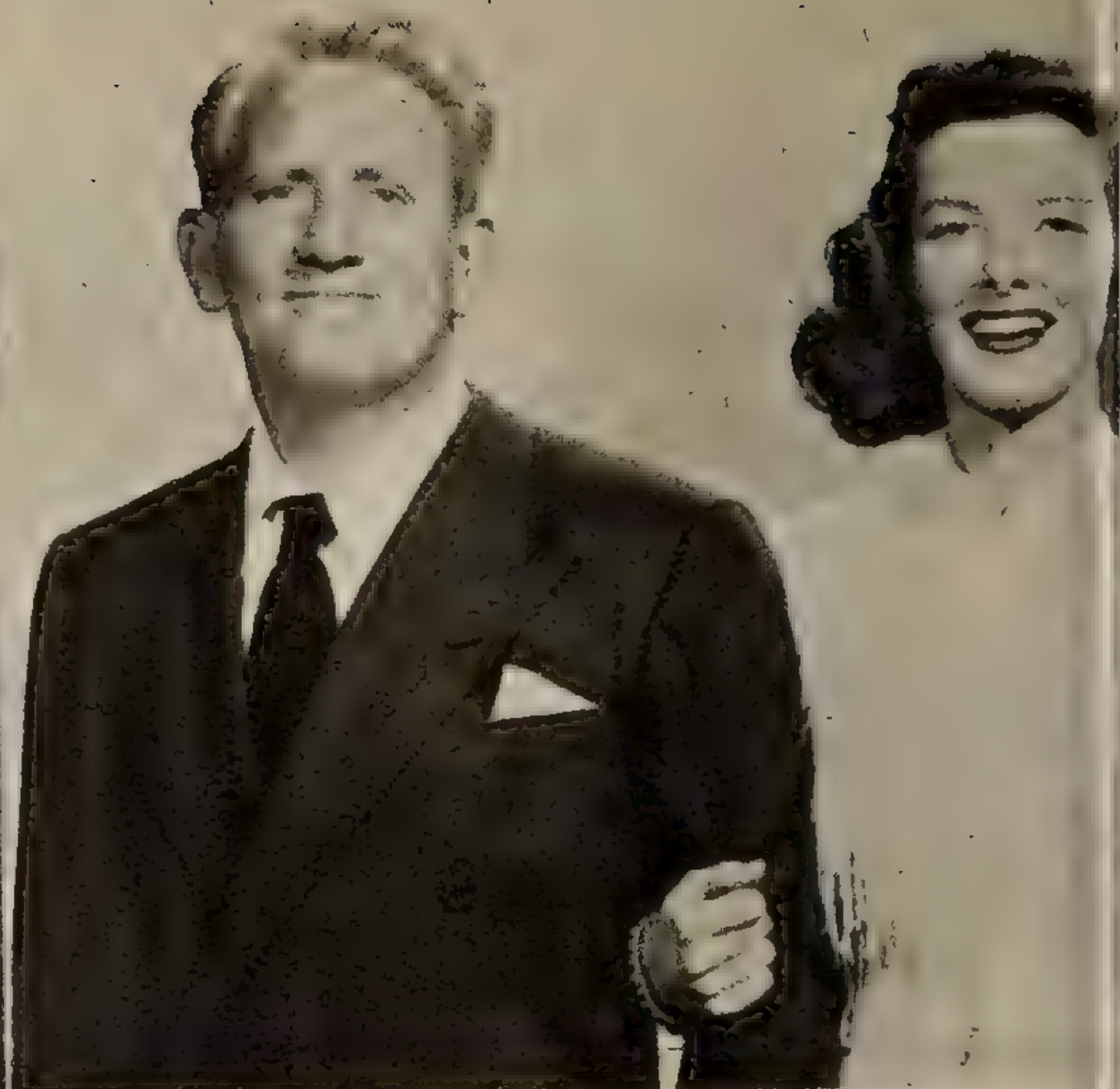
riod. Barbara has it all pretty well figured out: "I'm not an ingénue," she says, "and I'm not a beauty, and I'm the luckiest gal in Hollywood to get to work in 'Mama.' Now I'm wondering how I can possibly follow this with a picture as good. It seems to me I'll have to have wonderful parts until I get over this *awful* young look."

Because she looks like such a kid, everyone loves (Please turn to page 68)



In "I Remember Mama" Barbara, playing Irene Dunne's daughter, will win new fans with her fresh, appealing personality. Some critics dubbed her "unglamorous" after her first film, "The Long Night," but just what is glamor, anyway?

When two big stars talk
about each other the
result is usually phony
bouquet-tossing. Not this
time! Here's an honest
appraisal of Van by
Spence, and vice versa



MY FIRST meeting with this Johnson gentleman was under circumstances which did not tip me off to the fact that a time would come when I would be fighting tooth and nail to underplay him in a tough picture scene.

He was a skinny, freckle-panned, red-headed kid standing in front of Roman-off's in the rain. He was soaked. The water dripped from his forelock and streaked down his tweed coat. He said, "May I please have your autograph, Mr. Tracy?"

"Please," he said, and it was obvious that he had been standing in that drizzle for hours. "Mr. Tracy," he said, although the usual kid with pencil and pad gives you that "Hey, You," or the "Spence" routine.

"You sure must want autographs bad to wait around for them in this weather," I remarked.

"I wanted yours that bad, Mr. Tracy," he said.

Now what kind of an answer can a guy give to a dripping kid who is probably catching triple-plated pneumonia just to get a guy's autograph? I felt like a big drip myself, passing out nothing more than a "Yours truly, S. Tracy," but there was something about the cut of the kid's jaw that forestalled my getting generous with a Canadian nickel. There are times when a man can do nothing, regardless of his emotional reaction; this was one of those times.

Two years later Van was working with Irene Dunne and me in "A Guy Named Joe" and I was fighting for those old closeups against a guy somewhat better equipped for closeup work than I am.

One day Van brought his scrap book on the set. On Page One, leading all the rest like Abou Ben Adhem, was a fine southern exposure of Tracy's bleak northern mug. "What in the world do you want that picture for?" I mumbled.

"Well," Van said, "I sorta thought—I mean—"

It is an eloquent tribute like that, that gets me. I said, "Thanks, and just wait until I tell The King about this. He may be Gable the Great at the boxoffice, but I'll bet him real dough that I'm the only actor on this or any lot who has his mug stuck on the front page of ANOTHER actor's scrap book."

It was during the filming of "A Guy Named Joe" that Van was badly damaged in a traffic accident. Now this is the kind of guts the guy owns: during the time he was in the hospital—under sedatives most of the time—on each occasion when he came out of the fog he gave the nurses an argument about getting his clothes. He wanted to report to the studio. While he was still too weak to walk up a flight of (Please turn to page 61)



Spencer Tracy and Van Johnson appear together in "State of the Union," with Katharine Hepburn and Angela Lansbury, left. Remember when Van made his first big hit in the Tracy picture, "A Guy Named Joe"? Then, he was practically a newcomer, with Tracy an established star. Now Van's a star himself. Has he changed? Spence has the answer in the story opposite. For what Van thinks of Tracy today, read his frank story on this page.

I PITY the kid who grows up without a hero.

As far back as I can remember, I have always had an ideal—someone who stood for the things that, mistily and gropingly, I was beginning to believe in. At first I worshipped at the shrine of King Arthur. I used to imagine myself cutting a heck of a dazzling figure on horseback, rescuing some beautiful maiden. During that period, I was torn between joining the cavalry, or running away to Texas to become a cowboy. And then, all of a sudden, I knew that I wanted to be an actor.

I'm not sure when I first saw Spencer Tracy on the screen, but I do know that I'll never forget his work in "Captains Courageous," in which he played a Portuguese fisherman and for which he won an Academy Award. From that day on, King Arthur was a fisherman in my opinion.

When I first came to California, I used to hang around spots where I thought I might see Spence. When he was out of town, I used to comb the city for re-run picture houses, get my name on their mailing lists, then see every Spencer Tracy picture that played. I'll bet I've seen "Boom Town" twenty times.

I guess I don't have to go into four syllable adjectives to explain how I felt when MGM cast me in "A Guy Named Joe," the wartime picture starring Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. Man, oh man—what a break! I kept pinching myself to be sure that I was walking on solid ground; you know how it feels to be ankle-deep in Cloud Seven.

I had worked in the picture just one day when I was in that automobile smashup. You probably know about it because it's been pretty well covered. However, I don't think many people have explained that we had left the set early because we had made arrangements to have a print of "Keeper of the Flame" run at the studio that night. It was one of the few Tracy pictures that I had missed.

When I came out of the anesthetic at the hospital, all I could think of was that I would be replaced in "A Guy Named Joe." After all, business is business. I hadn't been so thoroughly established in



the picture that they couldn't start over with someone else, and I knew that postponing the picture until I was well enough to return would cost Irene Dunne and Spencer Tracy, as well as the studio, a lot of money. Gosh, if anyone ever wished for a Fairy Godmother to wave a wand over the bed and heal him instantly, I was that character. I tried to get up and—big lug that I am—almost fainted.

The nurse came over, clucking, and giving me heck. She said she had a message for me from (Please turn to page 64)

NOW, here's a pretty how-de-do—Bergen without McCarthy for the first time since Charlie was born twenty-four years ago, and loving it. Saying of their first separation, "It's like a vacation with pay, to get away from Charlie!" Yes, he really said that.

Edgar has tried before to get away from Charlie. "In vaudeville, I tried three times and each time," Bergen admits ruefully, "fell flat on my face."

In RKO's Irene Dunne starrer, "I Remember Mama," Edgar emphatically does not, according to reports that glow, fall flat on his face. As *Mr. Thorkelson*, the flustered little undertaker, with his tight little black suits and tight little mustache, Edgar comes, solo, into his own, minus McCarthy.

Re: *Mr. Thorkelson*, Edgar has a tale

to tell: "I tried to sell this character once before," he says. "In fact, one of the three times I fell on my face was when, having ditched Charlie, I introduced this mousy *Thorkelson* character (I called him *Uncle Axel*) in a one-act play in vaudeville. One show in Jersey, and we closed.

"It is now my aim, all these years later, to offer this character again, either by fitting him into another picture, or by making him the pivot of a two-reel comedy. The main thing being to cinch and clarify the character of *Uncle Axel*, my present plan is to take a trip to Sweden this summer, take *Charlie* with me, have him meet my *Uncle Axel*. Kind of a sore point with me, being a Swede that, having raised Charlie, he is still a McCarthy!" (The line between Edgar in

fact and Edgar in fancy is, Dear Reader, very thin!) "I often suggest to Charlie that, especially as *Uncle Axel* is a rich old codger, I'd like him to change his name to, at least Axel McCarthy—but," Edgar sighed, "he won't hear of it." (The line between Charlie as a dummy and Charlie as flesh and blood and mud in your eyes is also thin, Dear Reader, *uncannily* thin!)

"But where were we—ah, yes, explaining my pleasure, wasn't I, in life without Charlie. To get away from jokes, you know, not to have to *write* anything." Edgar all but smacked his lips, "just a full-fledged actor working, with a free knee, under the direction of George Stevens—which was, by the way, the most thrilling experience I've had since I first went into radio. Like going to



dramatic school, working with Stevens, only you learn more. Stevens should have an Oscar, in fact," Edgar chuckled, "for converting a ventriloquist! And no such thing, of course, as jealousy between me and Charlie—left at home, as he was," Edgar added, making with a sadistic grin, "in a bureau drawer."

Admitting the ingratitude implicit in his pleasure over Charlie in absentia, Edgar says, "Actually, my life is different than it would have been, and in every way possible, thanks to Charlie. Without Charlie I would never, for instance, flunking ancient and medieval history as I was doing, have graduated from high school. But at a student recital given by our class in the spring of my senior year, Charlie and I did a spot of ad libbing (our first. *Please turn to page 59*)



Bergen makes a from McCarthy character re RKO's "I Rem Mama," at the Charlie mana get back into tl below, with Candy Bergen a beautiful ex-m mother, and of as the star of gen's NBC air

What's this? Edgar Bergen
leading his own life minus
McCarthy? Just let him try it!

By Gladys Hall



BERGEN

without
McCarthy



UNDER UTAH SKIES



Victor Mature and Coleen

Gray, on location at Kanab,

Utah, rehearse love scene for

"The Fury of Furnace Creek"



Everything A MAN DESIRES

BY LOUIS HAYWARD

Popular actor describes his Ideal Woman

THE ideal woman and the ideal man have not yet been born. And until that halcyon millennium, people will engage in the age-old dream of conjecturing about such rare creatures. According to archaeologists, there is an excavated monument in Egypt listing the attributes of the ideal woman and naming the local Egyptian belle who best fulfilled each quality. Now, I would like to emulate the Egyptians and take stylus and papyrus in hand and do the same thing. Make up your own list, why don't you? It doesn't cost anything!

Aesthetic Qualities: Dorothy McGuire, because McGuire has a sensitive face and sensitive mind. Though she is a beautiful girl, her beauty is the least important

thing about her interesting personality. **Sex Appeal:** Lana Turner—why overstate it?

Femininity: Loretta Young, because Loretta wears beautiful clothes, has a fluid but feminine figure and because she can sit behind a silver tea service and pour tea without looking like something from an English drawing room comedy.



Among the lovely ladies pictured, Louis Hayward points out the attributes men prize most. Louis' latest film for Eagle Lion is "Ruthless," with Diana Lynn, top left. Below, with the lady of "patience and fortitude": Peggy Hayward.

Versatility: Ida Lupino, because she is a fine actress, a good composer, a good dancer, and because she herself is the kind of a conversationalist who can inspire even a dolt to Noel Coward dialogue.

Wit: Barbara Stanwyck, because her argot is sharp, new, pungent, uncloying. And because, with all her astringence, some of her best cracks are directed at herself.

Fireside Companion: Irene Dunne, because she is poised without being cold, amusing without waving her arms, and compassionate without being maudlin.

Charm: Jeanette MacDonald, because
(Please turn to page 67)

FREEDOM is more than a state of mind—it's an emotion, claims Annabella, the lovely French film actress who had just secured a divorce from Tyrone Power.

We found the Gallic star gathering roses in the luxuriant gardens of her Saltair Road estate and we couldn't help remarking on how radiant she looked. "It's because I'm happy as a lark and feel just as free," she said. "Now I can do all those things I have been wanting to do for the past few years—things like traveling independently which I couldn't do, what with being married and the war of course. Now I'm going to be—how do you say it?—fancy free! I don't think I shall ever satisfy my desire to see what lies beyond the horizon.

"Of course, don't misunderstand. I shall always come back to my beloved California. I have California in my blood, but I know there is a bit of the gypsy in me, too. I think the program now is perfect. I can make one picture a year here for Mr. Zanuck, who has been so wonderful to me, then I can go to Paris or to Rome for a picture for a few months and return again."

When we asked Annabella how she felt about Tyrone and the divorce she said, "Tyrone is a closed chapter. Although we were married seven years, Tyrone was away for four of those years in the Marine Corps and it is inevitable that the attitudes of people, who are separated for long periods of time, change. Tyrone changed considerably, and I did, too, I suppose. We decided that we had come to the parting of the ways and the separation, by mutual agreement, was a very amicable one. We are still very good friends and I am happy that it is this way. So many times in divorce people are hurt. You know marriage takes understanding, but I think divorce does, too.

"I believe too many couples take divorce as an easy way out. It is a serious step and one which demands a great deal of consideration before any couple should even contemplate it. However, when any two people like Tyrone and myself find that we would be happier apart and be freer to follow our own careers separately, then I think it is the only intelligent and dignified thing to do.

It spares both parties a great deal of mental anguish. Of course, in our case there has been so much unnecessary speculation and talk. I am quite sure that if we had been Mr. and Mrs. Smith, it would never have attracted any particular attention at all."

We asked Annabella what her immediate plans were and she said, "I am going back to France right away to do another picture which I signed for last summer. Although I did appear on Broadway in 'Jacobowsky and the Colonel' and 'No Exit' while Tyrone was in the war, to a certain extent I feel that I neglected my career. A wife has to do that.

"Then last summer I went back to Paris and made 'The Eternal Conflict' and I found out how much I had missed acting, so I signed for another film which I must do right away. Also there is a play in Paris, but I don't want to stay away too long. I will come back in six



In new French film, "The Eternal Conflict," Annabella, the ex-Mrs. Tyrone Power, plays a girl of the circus, with Michael Auclair opposite.

months to make a picture for 20th Century-Fox. That is what I want to do—commute between Paris, New York and Hollywood. I have so many friends here in Hollywood it would make me very unhappy to be away from them for very long. I can't tell you how wonderful they have been to me. When I am away for any length of time I miss them so

By Charles Gentry

"Tyrone is a closed chapter,"

says Annabella, who is now

resuming her own career.

Exclusive interview!

Closed Chapter



"Closed chapter?" Yes, but these photos bring back bitter-sweet memories of the married life of Annabella and handsome Ty. At left above, as bride and groom. Upper right, in wartime, when Ty was away for most of four years in the Marine Corps. "It is inevitable," says Annabella in our exclusive interview, "that people change who are separated for long periods of time. Ty changed considerably, and I did too, I suppose." At right, trying to adjust their lives together. Result: the recent divorce.



terribly I want to be with them again."
"Will you keep your house here?" we asked.

Annabella sighed a little wistfully, "I don't know whether I will keep this house or not, but I would like to—I love it so here." She pointed around at the lovely house and gardens. "You know this is the house that Grace Moore built but never lived in. I bought it just before she returned East. Most of the things in it are from my father's house at

Saint Cloud and all the furnishings are very dear to me. I can't bear to part with it."

Annabella gave one of those enchanting low-pitched laughs of hers. "I will tell you a funny story on myself," she said. "The other day some people came to see the house with the idea of buying it. I was showing them around the grounds and giving them what you would call a 'sales talk.' Suddenly I stopped and excused myself. 'I am terribly sorry,' I

said, 'but you cannot buy this house. I have just sold it back to myself,' and I was laughing so hard that the people, who were very charming, had to laugh, too. They said that they could easily understand why."

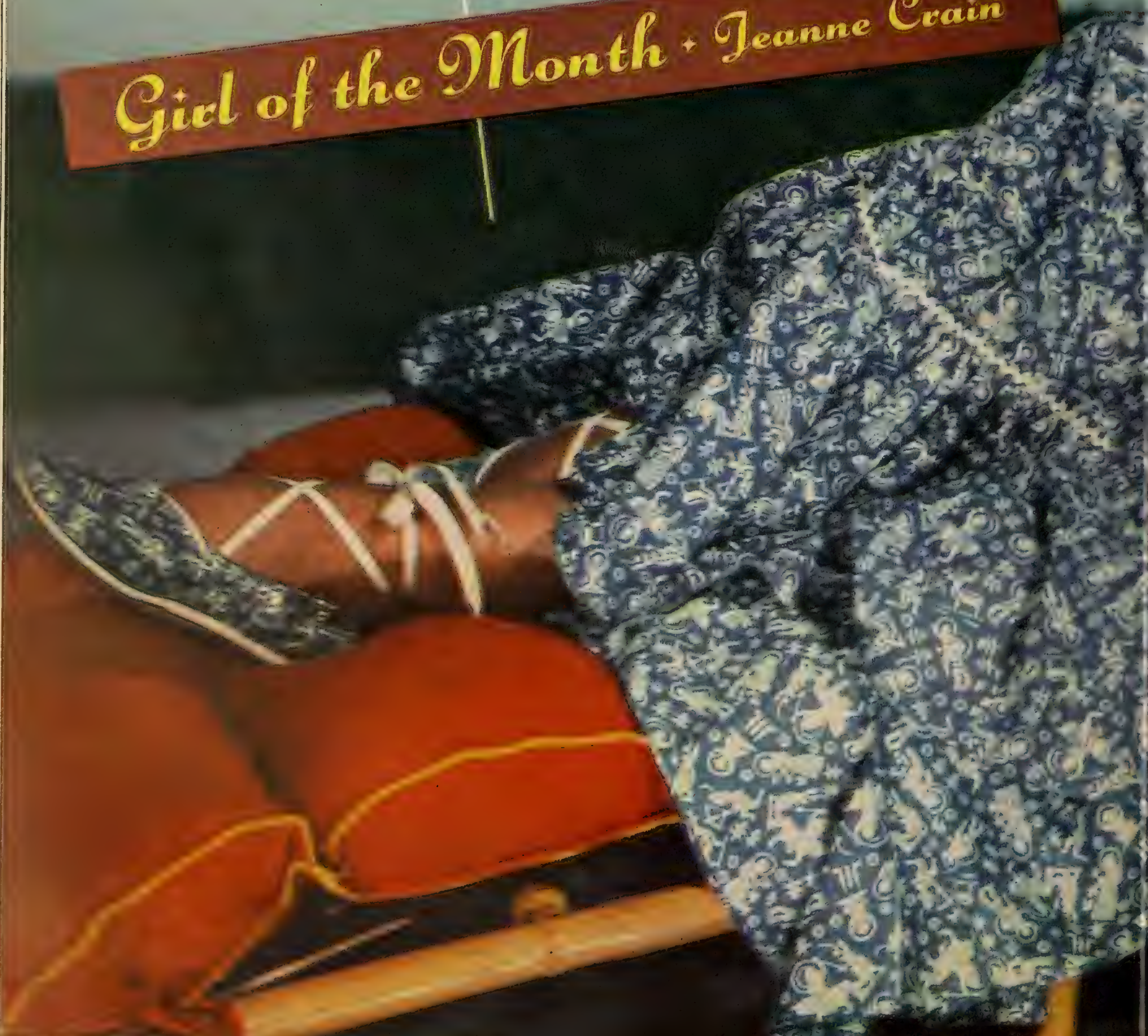
"Are there any memories attached to the house?" we asked.

"My dear boy, that is a foolish question! Of course, there are memories attached to every house—happy ones and sad ones. A (Please turn to page 66)

MAY

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

Girl of the Month • Jeanne Crain





In the merry month of May
Everybody should be gay!
Especially you.

For blue's your hue
(May skies are, too).

The emerald stone
Is yours alone,

For you to own.

Best day to play?

It's Wed-nes-day.

So hey-hey*

It's May

*(And a nonny-oh!)

At the May, Jeanne Crain, contributes her charm and loveliness to "You Were Meant for Me," co-starring with Dan Dailey currently showing, and next in "Apartment for Peggy." Photo by Powell, 20th Century-Fox.

Screen's happiest
new love team,
Judy Garland and
Gene Kelly, dance
and romance in
this rollicking show
—novelized here
for your enjoyment



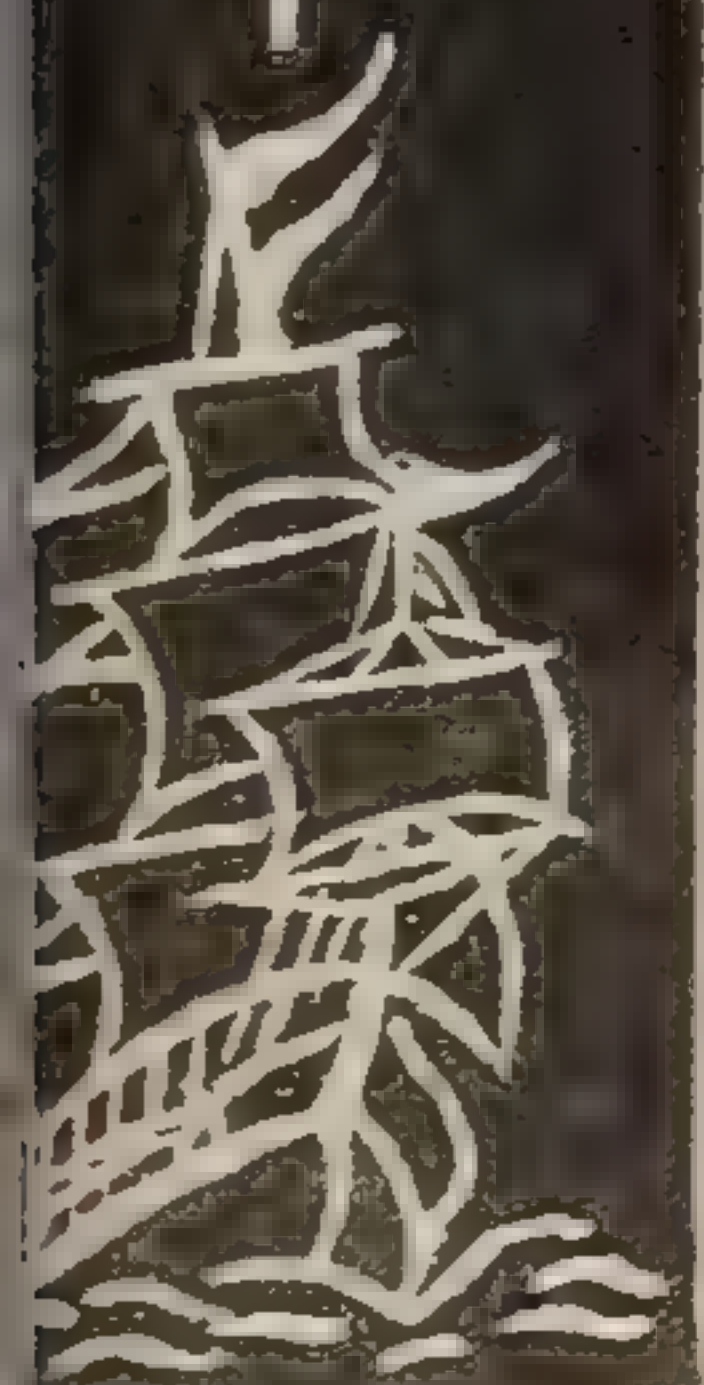
The Pirate

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

BACK in the hotel room were the laces and embroideries, the crinolines and the silks and satins for her trousseau which had come all the way from Paris. But here standing on the great sea wall looking down on the blue Caribbean was real romance, something much dearer to her heart than the plans for her marriage.

For the Caribbean had been the home of the man Manuela had dreamed of since her childhood, Macoco, the pirate. These were the waters he had sailed, the ships he had plundered. He had moved over their surface like a dragonfly, glittering, uncapturable, a man who struck terror into the hearts of other men and romance into that of an imaginative child. Let others grieve at the sorrow he caused, her young heart could only find rejoicing that there was a man so daring and fearless and dazzling in a commonplace world.

It was ten years now since Macoco's wild battle cry had been heard, since his cannons had opened fire on helpless merchantmen. It was in 1810 that he and his men and his cutlasses and grinning death's head flag had disappeared. Now he lived only in the songs





"THE PIRATE"

MGM

Produced by Arthur Freed. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Songs by Cole Porter. Screenplay by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Based on the play by S. N. Behrman as produced by the Playwrights Producing Company and The Theatre Guild. In Technicolor, with the following cast:

Manuela JUDY GARLAND
Serafin GENE KELLY
Don Pedro WALTER SLEZAK
Aunt Inez GLADYS COOPER
The Advocate REGINALD OWEN
The Viceroy GEORGE ZUCCO



Most romantic character Gene Kelly has ever played is the swashbuckling hero of "The Pirate," opposite Judy Garland. Scenes at left show colorful scenes from this forthcoming MGM picture, novelized from the film.

minstrels sang of his exploits and in the grown-up Manuela's heart. And it was because even to look at the waters he had sailed meant so much to her that Manuela had persuaded her aunt, Donna Inez, to meet the ship bringing her trousseau here at San Sebastian, on the pretext that the dressmakers needed to alter them would be so much more expert than the ones in their own town of Calvados, where even bridegrooms were so less thrilling than those in other places.

But she would not think of Don Pedro now, she decided. She would forget that in just a week she would be marrying the gross, middle-aged man Donna Inez had picked to be her niece's husband, because as mayor, Don Pedro was not only the most important man in town, but the richest one as well.

"Macoco," she thought desperately, her brown eyes staring into the distance. "Where are you now? What seas do you travel? Is it sunset or sunrise where you are?" She closed her eyes and it was almost as if the waves as they broke on the shore were whispering *Macoco, Macoco, Macoco*, as if the seagulls as they cried were crying it, too.

Then suddenly another voice, a real voice cut across her thoughts. "Who are you?" it said, and as she turned she saw a man standing beside her. He was young, with eyes that could be both bold and tender, and which stared at her admiringly now. "Tell me, what is your name?" he begged as she said nothing. "It is as vital to me as the beat of my heart. Tell me, are you married?"

"No," Manuela said imperiously, then as a look of elation swept across his face, her head lifted. "But I shall be this time next week." And turning she began walking quickly away, terrified by the sudden pounding in her heart. She had never felt it before, not even when she dreamed of her pirate.

"Señorita!" The stranger was at her elbow, following her. "Don't marry that pumpkin! For any man who lets you out of his sight, even for a moment, must be a pumpkin."

Manuela wished he hadn't used that particular description for it brought to her mind Don Pedro's round, swarthy face which, with just a little imagination, could look like a pumpkin.

"My affianced is a very noble, pious man," she said indignantly, forgetting it was just those qualities in him which made him so very dull, too. "He doesn't smoke, he doesn't drink. And he certainly would never annoy a young lady he—"

"You bewilder me," the young man sighed extravagantly. But then everything he did was flamboyant, even the way he circled around her as they walked, viewing her from every angle. "A young girl like you, with beauty, youth, enchantment, throwing yourself away on a lump like that. If he had any sense he would step aside for someone who would appreciate you. Someone like me, for instance."

"Don't be silly," she sniffed.

"I love you," he said. "And love isn't

silly. Aren't you interested in love?" And then as she tossed her head, he looked at her almost pityingly. "In America and England they have a strange custom. The ladies pick their own husbands and they marry them for love."

"It's a very stupid custom," Manuela said breathlessly, and picking up her flounced skirts began running. But he kept pace with her.

"Don't tell me you don't ever long for a prince instead of a pumpkin!" he whispered. "I know that underneath your prim exterior there are depths of emotion, romantic longings, unfulfilled dreams! For I can read your mind, your innermost thoughts. I can tell you your past, your present, and your future. It's my business." As she stared at him he gestured proudly toward the tent which had been rigged up in the street near her hotel. "Come to see me tonight and you'll find out. I'll leave a ticket for you. Just mention my name, Serafin!"

So he was an actor, and a strolling player at that, one of those silly, light-hearted vagabonds who sometimes visited her village, pitching their tents and marching the streets in gaudy parades. She looked at him horrified, and ran to the shelter of the hotel and the protection of her aunt.

She was so appalled at herself she could scarcely look at the beautiful gowns and underclothes her aunt and the

dressmaker were spreading before her. At the same time her heart was keeping up a terrifying rhythm, as if a bird had been caught in it and was beating its wings frantically. Even later when she had gone to bed, she felt that wild fluttering so much she could not sleep. And then as she lay there the music came and the voices. It was a strange music made up of drums and bagpipes. The voices were strange, too.

"Step in and see the show!" one of them shouted. "The wonder show of the ages! Magic! Mesmerism! And the only chance, ladies and gentlemen, the only chance to see the great Serafin in person—Mesmer's favorite pupil, who reads the past, the present and the future! Hurry, hurry, hurry, the show is starting!"

Manuela tried to shut her ears against it, but suddenly she was getting out of bed and running to the window. Then, almost without realizing it, she seized her cloak and as she wrapped it around her, the drums and the pipes became one with the beating in her heart.

Only when she saw Serafin on the makeshift stage whirling a wooden cage that held a many-sided mirror did she realize how wantonly she was behaving, coming to a common street show with only a silken cloak covering her night dress. Then he was smiling and coming toward her, and as she gazed at his twirling mirror, suddenly it was as if she had

begun to dream, enveloped in a misty haze.

"He's hypnotized her!" someone shouted. But she did not hear it, for only one voice came through to her now and as it asked her questions she answered in a hushed voice which did not sound like her own at all. She told him her name and the name of her village, and when he asked if she loved the man she was to marry she answered that, too, in a single emphatic negative.

Serafin's eyes glowed as he looked at her. "You love someone else, don't you?" he said softly, and from the look in his eyes there was no doubt who that someone was.

"Yes," her voice came in a sigh, as she told the secret she had never before told anyone. "I love Macoco, Macoco, the pirate, the dazzling, the fabulous, and some day he will come like a hawk and carry me away."

"No, no," Serafin said imploringly. "No, Manuela, you don't mean that. Think again, gracious lady, who is it that you—"

"Don't call me gracious lady!" She wrinkled her small nose distastefully. "It irritates me. Underneath this prim exterior there are depths of emotion, romantic longings—"

Suddenly she was casting aside her cloak and singing, and as he held his hand out to her she began to dance. It was as if they (*Please turn to page 51*)



scenes reveal a Judy Garland, singing in her rôle as the Kelly's conquest.



Rex is the gentle ruler of the Harrison

household and Lilli is content to be

his consort. Her career comes second

IN THE flower-massed foyer of London's fashionable Odeon Theater, King George and Queen Elizabeth were chatting with the stars after the Royal Command Film Performance. As the glittering Queen greeted Rex Harrison, the King looked across with a special smile. He was remembering Rex is one of the Queen's favorite actors, and later on in the privacy of their Palace home he was certainly going to ask her how she had enjoyed meeting Rex. It was essentially expressive of the affectionate understanding between the Royal pair. And as the Queen passed on, Rex looked over at his own wife, lovely Lilli Palmer, in her white and gold brocade crinoline gown. Exactly the same kind of private smile was in Rex's eyes. He also knew there would be gay intimate gossip and jokes to exchange when they got home. For there's a deep warm bond between this married couple too. They're known as "The Happy Harrisons" both

in Hollywood and Britain film colonies.

Come and join me as I have tea with them at their London hotel and listen while they reveal the secret. Literally, listen to Lilli. She will tell you without any inhibitions it is the woman who decides the success of every marriage, that whether it succeeds or fails depends entirely upon the wife's ideas and beliefs and the efforts she makes, not just now and then but steadfastly, patiently every single day.

Curled up in a deep easy chair, her soft golden-brown hair loose on her shoulders, Lilli looked adorable in the casual clothes she likes best to wear at home. Sleeveless yellow sweater over a white sharkskin shirt, gray tweed skirt and flat-heeled suede shoes. But when she speaks, you hear the quietly reasoned philosophy of a wise and experienced woman. A completely happy and satisfied woman. That is betokened by the inner radiance glowing in her hazel eyes and reflected

Why

By Hettie Grimstead

Closeups of the happy Harrisons, as they are known both in Hollywood and British movie colonies, include informants of son Carey with his famous parents; Rex in the 20th Century-Fox English production, "Escape," with Peggy Cummins, below; and Lilli, opposite page center, co-starring with Sam Wanamaker in Warners' "My Girl Tisa."





o her marriage

The Harrisons are Happy



in every tone of her particularly sweet voice as she talks about her husband.

"Rex and I have been together nearly nine years now. Every moment of that time I have been trying to put him first. To me that is the fundamental order of things. The man must be the first consideration always, the head of the house

and the one who leads and makes the big decisions. When a woman tries to change that and become the dominating personality herself, it soon spells trouble, because she is attempting to break the law of nature. Nobody can ever do that."

Lilli speaks simply and positively, and here you'll reflect she was born in Vienna

and educated in England so she has the European background to inspire her plans for living. And tall loose-limbed Rex is a Britisher brought up in the firm tradition that a man shall be king of his own castle. (Oh, yes! He's thoroughly conservative and decisive behind that debonair and seemingly *(Please turn to page 57)*



Mrs. Wright exchanges greetings with Loretta Young and Robert Mitchum, whom she named as one of the ten most popular male guests in a recent issue of SCREENLAND. Above, with Rosalind Russell.

THE parties that bloom in May in filmland are more profuse than the flowers that blossom in the Hollywood hills this time of year. This is because you get both the indoor and outdoor variety, as well as those hardy perennials—the cocktail get-togethers. The weather is delightfully balmy enough to permit evening splash parties and beach barbecues as a pleasant contrast to all the formal functions.

Of course, there have been a great number of white-tie affairs and I think one of the most glittering of these took place the night of Gertrude Lawrence's opening in the Noel Coward series of one-act plays, "Tonight at 8:30" at the Biltmore. Practically all of screenland turned out for this occasion because everyone adores Gertie, who is ideal in these suave and sophisticated playlets.

Noel Coward arrived with Marlene Dietrich on his arm and I must say La Dietrich was really ravishing. She wore a gown with a particularly daring low-cut décolletage and a magnificent sable wrap carelessly thrown over her shoulders. Prominent in the audience were Ethel Barrymore, George Cukor and Gene Tierney, who I believe is one of the best-dressed young women in the whole film colony.

The same can be said for my friend Irene Dunne, who looked stunning in a pearl-embroidered gray taffeta gown with a bustle. Irene also wore her curls piled high on the back of her head and couldn't have looked more chic. Ann Miller, who

came with Cesar Romero, was a dazzling vision in a white Mexican creation of iridescent sequins, while Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., startled everyone with her striking Marusia gown of black lace and scarlet. I think it was so thoughtful of Doug to send those beautiful flowers to Gertie, but then he has always been her great admirer and friend. Sitting near me were the Nicholas Joys, who really are a distinguished couple. He is such a fine actor and is so versatile.

At the party which George Cukor gave for Gertrude following the performance, Nicholas said a very amusing thing about Hollywood. He said that romantic life in Hollywood always seems to fall into three divisions—Matrimony, Acrimony and Alimony.

Cukor's house was filled with hundreds of roses as the setting for the supper party which proved to be a real reunion for Gertrude and Noel Coward, Beatrice Lillie and Clifton Webb, all of whom have been friends for years. I had a long chat with Noel and asked him what impressed him most about Hollywood parties.

"Cobina," he said, "I think the success of parties in London, New York, and Paris and Hollywood all depends on the same essential ingredient and that is—the

guest list. Guests make the party just as much as the host or hostess do. I think Hollywood parties, then, are always distinctive because one has such a variety of amusing, witty and attractive people to draw on. Look at this room, for example. Where else in the world would you find such beautiful women as Irene Dunne, Gene Tierney, Annabella and Marlene Dietrich or such vivacious and charming guests as Gertie, Bea Lillie, Clifton Webb and—yourself!"

I told him that I hadn't expected such a flattering answer and Noel laughed, "My dear," he said, "never sell flattery short. It's something everyone likes whether they admit it or not."

I would have loved to have stayed longer, but I had promised my friend, Pat Smart, that I would drop in on the farewell party (Please turn to page 69)



Metropolitan Opera star, Patrice Munsel, with Guy Madison and host Atwater Kent, is honor guest at party following her recital.

★
INSIDE
HOLLYWOOD'S
SOCIAL CIRCLE

★
By Cobina Wright
 ★



Another in-demand guest, Gregory Peck, above with famed social leader, Cobina Wright, finds time in busy picture schedule to attend Hollywood's important social events. Below, Patrice Munsel with Jean Hersholt and Dan Duryea.

Follow the leader—yes, join Cobina
in the gay social whirl of the
screen colony, as she covers
all the important events

Ask Cobina, she knows! The international social leader has graciously consented to consider your discerning questions concerning Hollywood's exclusive inner circle, everything from the newest twosome to tempting recipes.





Hi, Reddy!





Mona Freeman and her husband Pat Nerney pose for the first pictures of their two-month-old daughter. Mommy Mona, who made such a hit in "Dear Ruth" as the kid sister, and whose next for Paramount will be "Isn't It Romantic?" takes her new duties of motherhood very seriously as she weighs the baby, prepares the formula, with proud pop Pat assisting.

Letter from a family friend to a new redheaded arrival in Hollywood, Mona Freeman Nerney

By A. C. Lyles, Jr.

DEAR LITTLE MONA:

I think I was the first person in Hollywood to know that your mother and father were going to be married. I knew it the first time I heard your mother mention his name.

It was a little over two years ago, on a hot summer afternoon. Paramount's Vice-president, Y. Frank Freeman (no relation) had invited your mother and me to his valley ranch for dinner and a swim. As we drove out Ventura Boulevard, your mother asked if I knew Pat Nerney. Sure, I knew Pat—everybody knows Pat. "He's awfully nice," she added. I knew right then your mother was in love. It was something about the way she said his name. They had had their first date the evening before.

Several months later I went to their wedding—and since then your mother, Mona, and your father, Pat, have become my closest friends. I paced the hospital floor with Pat when you were expected, and I'm at your home more than I am my own. That's why I'm writing this page in your baby book—so that later on you'll know all about your folks.

Seven years ago a cute little blonde girl of 14 started modeling. She was Mona Freeman, your Mom. A representative of millionaire producer Howard Hughes saw Mona's photograph on a magazine cover and events began moving swiftly. Mona and her mother were flown to Hollywood in a hurry—to hurry up and wait. For several months they sat in a small apartment and waited. Each week a check arrived. But nothing else happened.

One day Mona decided to do the calling herself. She hadn't even met Howard Hughes. She went to his business

address, but his "studio" turned out to be a plane factory. At this period he was making planes, not pictures.

Mona was only seventeen, but that didn't stop her from calling William Meiklejohn, supervisor of talent and casting at Paramount. She merely told Bill's secretary she was coming over to see him about a screen career. She arrived at the studio and wasn't a bit amazed to find a pass waiting for her to see the executive. "When I look back now," recalls Mona, "I certainly did it the hard way. I'll

never understand why Bill Meiklejohn granted me an interview."

Nonetheless, Bill has never regretted the action. He talked to her for five minutes and offered her a contract. "I already have one," Mona told him. The best she could do was hope Hughes didn't exercise his contract's option. But he did! She went back to Meiklejohn and he got Paramount to buy her contract.

Then came Mona's first part—and her first disappointment. She was tested for an important (*Please turn to page 54*)





As always, Gregory Peck has sound opinions, and he's not afraid to express them. Left, Greg with the graying hair and serious mien demanded by his exacting rôle in "The Paradine Case." Ann Sothorn, below, is another star who is frank and fearless, says precisely what she thinks.



SCREENLAND'S

Star Advisers

FORUM CONDUCTED BY JACK HOLLAND

Discussing the question: "WHAT ARE A NEWCOMER'S CHANCES IN HOLLYWOOD?"

HOLLAND: Let's dive into the important problem of "What Are A Newcomer's Chances in Hollywood?" And let's not spare the truth. To begin with, do you advise kids from other parts of the country to come to Hollywood—and please give your reasons, pro and con.

ANN BLYTH: No! No! No! It has always been a bad idea but it's even worse now with the studios cutting down in production and good actors being out of work. Today, only one out of thousands just *may* get a break in Hollywood.

SUSAN: I agree. Why just migrate out here without any definite promise of getting employment?

ANN SOTHERN: Besides, there's so little opportunity for kids to learn to act here unless they have a contract. Don't forget, the talent scouts go east, which, I admit, is a strange psychological thing.

LON: I can't join in all this pessimism nor do I agree that the talent scouts will come to a place back east and pick up any hopeful actor or actress and bring that kid back to Hollywood. That might

be true of the Broadway stage, but not of a small town. I think there's a better chance for young people if they're here in Hollywood. But I will qualify that comment to this extent: without the proper preparation and money or means of security to fight off the bad times you'll meet, it's foolhardy to come here.

GREG: To that I'd like to add that unless you have a definite lead, don't be stupid enough to come to Hollywood. It's too discouraging to face all the trials cold, without any signed offer for a screen



Members of our Star Board: Ann Sothern, left above, with Jack Carson in a scene from "April Showers." Center, Greg with Mrs. Peck. Right, first still from Ann Blyth's new picture, "Another Part of the Forest," with Fredric March. Below, Star Advisers Susan Hayward, Lon McCallister, and Ann Blyth.

test or a contract, and without having been told *in writing* by a *reputable talent scout* to come here. I still feel that the best way—if you feel you must be in pictures—is to get on the stage, head east to New York where the competition is stiff but not quite so stiff as it is here. You can get in stock and then maybe you'll land in a Broadway show. At least you'll be getting some valuable training to back up any break you might get if you ever hit Hollywood.

HOLLAND: That was your way of getting in pictures, wasn't it, Greg?

GREG: Yes, so I'm just speaking from

experience. I came here as the result of my work in three plays on Broadway, but before that I had studied in a dramatic school, had played in 25 stock productions, and had also had plenty of experience doing shows on the road.

ANN S: My case was amusing! I came here from New York to be with my mother. I got nowhere at the time in pictures, so I returned to New York with mother. And there I was "discovered" and brought back.

ANN B: I'll have to echo your experience, Greg. I came out with the play, "Watch on the Rhine." I was supposed

to start a picture at once with director Henry Koster, but he left Universal and I waited seven months for a part in a picture.

SUSAN: Well, I had no stage show to bring me to Hollywood. Instead, modeling was my open sesame. Not that I hadn't wanted to be an actress. That was always my ambition. I went the rounds of managers' offices and got nowhere, but by talking to other ambitious young people, I found that modeling for photographers was one way to get noticed, so I became a model. As a result of seeing my (*Please turn to page 70*)

These popular stars take up a topic of general interest, suggested by you, you, and you: "CAN AN UNKNOWN BOY OR GIRL CRASH THE MOVIES?" Don't miss this!





For a sun date, here's Diana in a pink seersucker pinstripe with open midriff. By Frances Sider at Milgrim's, New York.



Diana chooses an imported Swiss print blouse to wear with white slacks. Both by Frances Sider at Bonwit Teller, Phila.



For date or casual wear, here's a shantung nifty with sweetheart neckline. By Crestlee, 9-15, at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.



White shorts go any place, according to Diana Lynn. Similar to white slacks, these are also at Bonwit Teller, Phila.

Summer Showing

Here are some outfits that would make any gal want to get out and have fun. Diana Lynn is the pretty model and you'll see her in Eagle Lion's "Ruthless"

By Mary Ellen Martin



Here's a dress you'll love. In Ever-fast cotton, black, blue or red print. Also by Miss Sider at B. Altman, N. Y.

Tomboy slacks with plaid blouse of Dan River cotton. Designed by Frances Sider at Best Apparel, Seattle, Washington.

After finishing in "Ruthless," Diana co-stars with Guy Madison in United Artists' "Texas, Heaven and Brooklyn."



Write to manufacturers on page 67 for name of store nearest you.



So much in love, Ricardo Montalban gives wife's nose a kiss during dance. She's Loretta Young's sister, Georgianna.



Bill Holden loves to listen to his wife, Brenda Marshall, when she's reading him the riot act, even when they're dating.

Here's Hollywood

Gossip

Gossip by Weston East

WHEN Lizabeth Scott played opposite Robert Cummings in "You Came Along," love scenes were rushed so he could get away to marry Mary Elliott. On "Desert Fury," Burt Lancaster practically went from Lizabeth's arms, right to his own wedding with Norma Anderson. When she started "The Pitfall," Lizabeth just looked at Dick Powell and beamed. "At last," she kidded, "a 'lover' who isn't nervous because another woman is waiting for him!"

WHEN Shirley Temple Agar's baby was born, the telegraph company was forced to hire a special messenger. He did nothing but make trips to the hospital where Shirley Temple herself was born twenty years ago, delivering congratulatory wires literally pouring in from all over the world. The baby, weighing seven pounds and six ounces, has been named Linda Susan Agar.

MY, MY, such fun and frolic on "The Saxon Charm" set, where John Payne and Susan Hayward are really dreaming up those love scenes. When they broke for lunch, they discovered some

pixie prankster had changed the sign on the sound stage door. It now reads: "The Sex and Charm Company."

"I'M living a little with Hedy Lamarr," grins Bob Cummings, when anyone asks what's new. It's a gag line, of course. Hedy plays opposite him in his first co-produced United-California Production, "Let's Live a Little." And Bob's a boy who believes in plugging his product. Speaking of Hedy, she's thinner than she's ever been in her whole life. Pay no attention to that rumored romance with Cary Grant. Believe us, *he* isn't the reason why she's lost so much weight.



WHEN Danny Kaye returns from Europe and sees Virginia Mayo on the Warner Bros. lot, he's going to think he's in another "Walter Mitty" dream sequence. But Virginia's been signed for "Dames Don't Talk," the third of the new Warner Bros. "B" series. Amusingly enough, amongst other reasons, Danny left Goldwyn and went with Warners because he wanted another leading lady besides Virginia. We hear he's going to settle for Jane Wyman when he gets going on "Happy Times."

IN "Sorry, Wrong Number," Barbara Stanwyck plays the highly dramatic rôle of a woman who accidentally hears her own murder being plotted over a telephone. For three consecutive nights she arrived home, her voice completely gone from crying so hard. The fourth night there was a pad and pencil at Barbara's place on the dinner table. Bob Taylor just smiled and pointed to it!

UPON completion of her sixth unglamorous rôle in "If Winter Comes," Angela Lansbury was so discouraged she asked MGM for her release. Then discerning Frank Capra cast her as the fashionable newspaper woman in "State of the Union." Fate in the form of Clark Gable took it from there. He wandered

into the wrong projection room at the right time. Angela's rushes were on the screen. Result, Clark suggested her for "Angel's Flight," his next assignment.

THEY'RE trying to pull a "Bob Hope" and get Clark Gable to walk off with the heroine, as a tag for Red Skelton's "The Southern Yankee." And speaking of Red, he's still a-fussin' and a-fumin' over his MGM setup. If true, they say the studio received nearly ten times the amount paid to Red, when they loaned him for "The Fuller Brush Man." Red, who still has three years to go, wants to buy off his contract.

WE ONLY wish all of you could watch Alfred Hitchcock shooting his thriller-chiller production of "Rope." They rehearse like a play, for weeks, then shoot one whole reel without stopping once. Actors, cameramen, electricians — everything and everyone must coordinate with hair-splitting precision. The walls are on wheels. Furniture is greased to slide. As the camera follows Jimmy Stewart, Farley Granger and John Dall through room after room, ten propmen clear the way with lightning speed. Everyone is terrified lest he accidentally spoil a scene. We'd sure love to have the cough-drop concession on that set!

IT TOOK a very special reason to persuade Van Johnson to leave his Evie, who has been very ill since the birth of their little daughter. Marion Davies was in town and being a Johnson fan, she asked to meet him. It would happen on a Thursday night, when all the servants were off. Humorously, Van finally called a close friend and asked her to come over and be a "wife sitter." He was back in an hour and paid off with orchids!

SAD story of the month: Two stars (names withheld on request) happened to drive by the Ronald Reagan household. There, sitting outside in a parked car, was Ronnie, looking up wistfully at the lighted windows. Unless there's a last minute change of heart, Jane Wyman's heading for Reno. For unqualified and unfair reasons, she seems to have received the brunt of the blame. Though deeply hurt, this still distresses Ronnie. "No one person is ever completely wrong, when two disagree," he says with his usual honesty.

IT'S "only friendship," they say. But ever since the Deanna Durbin-Felix Jackson, Edith Barrett-Vincent Price marriage split-ups, Hollywood has been a-watchin' and a-waitin'. Finally, Deanna and Vincent showed up at Mocambo together. The romance rumors that started after they finished making "Up in Central Park" once again swept the town. If it is "only friendship," at least Deanna looks happier than she has for a long time. And on her it's very becoming.

SOMETHING quite obviously is bothering little Wanda Hendrix, who has always been so sweet and grateful for her career. Currently Mitch Leisen is having headaches getting her to take proper direction in "Abigail, Dear Heart." Some think the trouble stems from her not always so smooth romance with Audie Murphy. Others believe there might be a domestic problem involved. We're sure Wanda will do the right thing. She always has.

DOZENS of people wanted to buy them, when Cornel Wilde's French poodle "Punch" had pups. But the star kept stalling delivery until he finished "Walls of Jericho." Then he personally went around to see what kind of home each pup would have. At this writing Cornel is in New York visiting his wife, Pat. She *thinks* she's found a play. They *think* they may do it together. We *think* we won't believe it till it happens!



Mrs. Robert Ryan at far left on opposite page, furnishes her handsome husband's lapel with a posy; center, Joan Crawford at party with Greg Bautzer, still her favorite beau; left, Ray and Mal Milland, at one of the big parties for playwright Noel Coward. Above, Jean Pierre Aumont and Claudette Colbert (wouldn't they make a grand screen team?). Right, Guy Madison and Judy Clark try eats at Valley club.



Gleeps! Glim this "gone"
guy's list of newest bleep
beats and wilting liltings

FRED ROBBINS

*Right
off the
Record*

In gag shot, right, Fred carries his new auto license plates with him—so he won't forget his popular WOV program, "1280 Club," or his new car! Above, Bonita Granville and her movie producer husband, Jack Wrather, drop in "Robbins' Nest" for a measure of music.

NY 4B
FR12-80

HYA, Clyde! It's May outside! Put that scratch sheet aside and let's go for a ride!

And I mean at 78 revolutions per minute, 'cause that's how fast those cookies spin when you put the cactus in the groove. We've been diggin' all the fresh ones right here in dressing room #23 at New York's foxy Roxy, where we've been having a ball with the Louis Armstrong Jazz Concert Varieties. What a boot it is appearing at a theater with all those live corpses out front—gives you bubbles in your blood! And when you dig your handle in mazdas for the first time—eeehoo! Where's the penicillin?

But you're interested in the noise department so tilt that tympanic membrane, Jane!

HEAVENLY!

MARGARET WHITING: My baby Maggie and more of the delicious oozings from her buttery thorax. S'like those breezes outside when she entwines herself around "But Beautiful," from "Road to Rio," and "Now Is the Hour," the English hit—but they should've kept it over there, and not wasted Maggie's choice voice on it. There's always that "gone" sheaf of Rodgers and Hart classics that M.W. did that you can dig till 1963. (Capitol)

ARTHUR GODFREY: The excess avoirdupois kid hoein' more of the corn that made him and

brother, it's green for sure. Right from Aunt Tillie's mandolin solo in the back seat of the open Oldsmobile, but that's what they want, *mes enfants*. I mean that "Four Leaf Clover" opus—and somebody should've kicked the guy who bent over to pick the first one. Flip, "The Thousand Islands Song," is from "Angel in the Wings." S'about a guy who met a chick named Florence on one of those oodles of isles and can't remember which one. So, he's rowing from 1 to 1,000 to find her. That's some job, hey. (Columbia)

Kay Kyser: There it spurts! A fresh geyser by Mr. Kyser! Georgia's boy spots the throats of Harry Babbitt and Gloria Wood dueting the praises of "Teresa." *Trés* cute and dancy to boot. Turn the ole Professor around for more sharps and flats by the kid who "rowed" the "Thousand Island Song," "Big Brass Band from Brazil" *avec* the Campus Kids on a gay, crazy Latin kick. Hey, Pedro, change the needle, I'm getting tired of that same riff 50 different ways. Can't they play anything else—even "Four Leaf Clover." What am I saying? (Columbia)

ESY MORALES: "Jungle Fantasy." Agua! Like a hotfoot from head to toe! ESY's the brother of Noro and plays the most root flute y'ever did dig! You can hear the monkeys chattering and all the jungle sounds pouring out of this great, hot silver pipe on one of the most savage, exciting waffles in an eon, Leon. Don't spin it in the dark! (Rainbow)

ALLEGRO: All the mounds of sounds from the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit musical 'tween the cardboards of a fresh Victor album. The tender story of a small town boy in the big city comes



Lucille Bremer
appearing in Producing Artists'
"PRELUDE TO NIGHT"
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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



*Once Chosen —
Always Treasured*



Vocal-versed Andy Russell and record-wise Fred Robbins pass the chat pro and con.

alive, Clive, through these waxen grooves with the original cast doing the unfolding. There's "Joseph Taylor, Jr.," "I Know It Can Happen Again," "Come Home," "One Foot, Other Foot," "Allegro," "A Fellow Needs a Girl," "The Gentleman Is a Dope," "So Far," "Money Isn't Every- (Please turn to page 73)

SCREENLAND *salutes*

THE Miracle OF THE BELLS

Superb cast includes Sinatra, proving he is a fine legitimate actor, singing one song, "Ever Homeward," as only he can sing; Fred MacMurray, as the bluff, sincere press agent devoted to the beautiful actress, Olga Tresskova, (Valli), and intent upon carrying out her last wishes; Lee J. Cobb as the Hollywood producer who gambles on an unknown girl to play "Joan of Arc"—all combine their talents to make this Jesse L. Lasky-RKO picture the most memorable of the month.



First of all, it's unusual entertainment. Second, readers of Russell Janney's best-selling book will not be disappointed, for its warm humanity and uplifting message of faith have been recaptured in celluloid. Third, the surprise performance of Frank Sinatra, quietly convincing as the earnest young priest, *Father Paul*

The Pirate

Continued from page 35

had found some far cloud over which they tripped gaily and she was forgetting everything and everyone—most of all Don Pedro and his ring on her finger—until suddenly over the music came a violent sound of thunder, waking her out of her trance, so that she stood there in amazement, staring at the audience clapping their hands in a frenzy of appreciation.

"That's for you," Serafin smiled, "for your singing and dancing."

"Singing and dancing!" Manuela echoed in a dazed voice. Then as she stared down at herself, seeing herself dressed only in a nightgown, the dream suddenly became a nightmare. With a cry she was gone, not even waiting to find her cloak. As she reached the hotel, she went into her aunt's room and awakened her, insisting they must go home that very night, that very minute.

But the dream remained, both sleeping and waking, so that time seemed to stand still until the morning she awoke and knew it was her wedding day. It seemed ended as she dressed in the lace of her bridal mantilla, her head felt as if it could hardly support the weight of the veil though it was fashioned of the sheerest of laces.

Then as they left her, she thought she was dreaming again for there was the wild strains of the drums and pipes again coming nearer and nearer, and when she ran to the window she saw Serafin marching gaily at the head of his strolling players. In that instant, he looked up and saw her and before she realized what he was doing he had flung a rope up to her balcony, lassoing one of its posts, and was climbing up to her window.

There was the terror then, coming more from her fear of herself than of him. Picking up a pair of scissors she leaned over and started to cut the rope. But she couldn't. As he saw her faltering, there was exultation in his eyes as he leapt into the room and caught her in his arms.

"Are you real, or an angel?" he whispered. "Am I on earth or have I climbed all the way into heaven?" Her hands beat against him, trying to push him away, but his hold tightened. "You can't marry that man. Manuela, come with me. We'll tour these islands, then on to Paris, Rome, Madrid. We will sing all our lives through. You don't know what a thrill it is. You were in a trance before. You didn't hear the audience."

The shame she had been unable to forget until this moment came back again at his words and she tore herself out of his arms.

"Do you call it a thrill to live in a tent?" she demanded. "To go hungry? To be a vagabond, hounded out of towns, looked down on by all decent people?" She stopped appalled as she heard her Aunt's and Don Pedro's voices outside her door. "Quick," she whispered desperately, pointing to the window. "If Don Pedro should find you here, he would kill you!"

But the man already knew the intruder was there, for even as she whispered the door swung open and there he stood, his hand clutching the evil whip he lashed out at Serafin who leapt nimbly out of its way.

"Don't harm him!" Manuela cried. "He didn't mean any harm—he—"

Don Pedro flung her out of the way as she tried to come between them, his voice roaring as he advanced on the younger man who moved so gracefully he seemed to be dancing as he avoided the deadly lash.

"You mountebank!" he roared. "You thieving vagabond! You scum, sneaking into a lady's room! This is a respectable community. We do not entertain the scum of the cities, the thieves, the blackguards such as you!"

"Don Pedro, please!" Manuela pleaded, but even as she spoke her aunt took her by the arm and pulled her out of the room.

Manuela crouched on the stairs unmindful of the wedding guests crowding around her. For despite the hum of their voices all she heard was the lashing of the whip, until suddenly it stopped. That was even more terrifying, not knowing what had happened. Then the door was flung open but it wasn't Don Pedro who swaggered out, it was Serafin, and the whip was in his hand now and the other followed him like a whipped dog, or a man who had seen ghosts, Manuela could not be sure which.

First there was shocked silence. Then as the men of the wedding party began swarming up the stairs, Serafin held up his hand.

"Stop where you are!" he ordered in a thundering voice. And then as some of the more timid among them rushed toward the safety of the door, his voice came again. "No one is to leave this house without my permission!"

Donna Inez' proud head went up at

that. "What right have you to give orders here?" she demanded.

"The right of any man!" Serafin said, and though his voice lowered it was as authoritative as before. "Self-preservation. The thing I have feared for years has happened. My true identity has been discovered. But," his eyes went coolly toward his cowering adversary, "Don Pedro will keep my secret. I have seen to that. But I should like some assurance from you. I fear the price on my head may be too great a temptation."

"What are you?" Donna Inez demanded scathingly. "A pick-purse or a chicken thief?"

Serafin swept her a deep bow. "My depredations, Madame, have been on a somewhat grander scale. I," he paused impressively, "I am Macoco, the Pirate."

Manuela stared at him wide-eyed. "Macoco!" she whispered breathlessly.

"And you," Serafin turned to her, an amused smile playing about his lips, "you thought I was a strolling player, didn't you? That is indeed a tribute to my acting. But now I demand even a greater one from you. Manuela, are you ready to come with me? I have engagements on the seven seas and I demand that you keep them with me. Otherwise, my men, who are only waiting my signal, will come down from the hills and put your town to the torch!"

"Manuela!" Don Pedro cried hoarsely. "Do not listen to him! He is lying!"

Serafin turned threateningly. "Are you accusing Macoco of lying? Think twice before you answer, Don Pedro, or whatever you call yourself!" He turned scornfully to the others. "This fat pumpkin was travelling on a ship I captured once. I spared his life. But I may not be so kind this time." His eyes went back to the other's terrified ones then. "A word from me, you know, and you'll be hanging from a gibbet."

"Please," Don Pedro's tongue touched his dry lips nervously. "I did not know you intended this—if I could see you alone, just for a moment?"

"I have no time for snivelling cowards." Serafin cracked his whip threat-



St. Moritz in Switzerland is the scene for this meeting of celebrities: Greta Keller, chanteuse, Norma Shearer, Martin Arrouge, Jennifer Jones, Irving Thalberg, Jr.



Looking through the candid camera eye, you see, above, Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs, still the most important people in their lives. Ditto, Janet Blair and her husband, Louis Busch, below.



her; the way Serafin, the mountebank, the silly, capering actor, had finally managed to win her by taking advantage of her dreaming. But she'd pay him back, she thought, as Serafin swaggered toward her. And she was even more angry when she saw how she relished this new rôle he was playing. He wasn't even a good actor, she thought contemptuously, overplaying his part like that.

"Why did you think you had to threaten to get me here?" she asked in pretended awe. "Didn't you know that you had only to stretch out your hand? Please, don't move, I want to gaze my fill at you! That sinister brow, the hawk-like glance of your eyes! I can see you now in battle, the clash of swords, the roar of angry cannon, and you, Macoco, standing there with lightning breaking around you, dominating everything! And to think," she looked at him wonderingly,

"I thought you were just a silly little actor."

If she had stuck a knife into his heart he could not have looked more stricken. "A what?" he demanded, his swagger gone in his hurt vanity. "What was that you said?"

If she had needed any more proof, his words would have given it. "How could I have been so gullible?" she mused, knowing how her words were striking even deeper into his heart. "I should have known the moment I saw you on the stage that you didn't know anything about acting."

"Just a minute," Serafin said coldly, "tell me just what was the matter with my acting?"

"Your what?" Manuela laughed mockingly and then pretended seriousness. "Don't speak of anything so disgusting, so degrading! I despise actors. You don't have to pretend before me. I love you for what you are, ruthless, cruel, taking what you want! Fearing no one!"

"Manuela," Serafin protested unhappily. "I have a confession to make—"

"You don't have to confess anything to me," she said, and then as he looked at her pleadingly, she stopped the little

eningly. He turned to Manuela now and his voice was more imperious than it had ever been before. "Well, what is your answer? Unless you come with me now, your village will lie in ruins, your friends and your relatives will be scattered to the winds, not one house shall be left, not one stone upon another!"

There was a wild outburst of weeping from the women and even the strongest of the men raised their voices in a desperate plea that she should spare them. So what could Manuela do but listen to her friends, especially with that wild fluttering coming in her heart again, so that it seemed that not just one bird but hundreds of them had taken refuge there? She went to him, her trembling hand accepting his offered arm, and walked through the path the others made for them to the street where his men waited.

How could she ever have thought them just silly vagabonds, Manuela wondered, as they led the way to the Mayor's home itself, since it was by far the largest and most beautiful in the village. As Serafin paused for a moment on the balcony to assure the anxious villagers who had followed them that they were safe because of her sacrifice, Trillo, one of his men, led her into the house and into the room where the tables were spread for what was to have been hers and Don Pedro's wedding banquet.

"Well," Trillo smiled, "this is what you have dreamed of, isn't it?" And then as she looked at him bewildered, his hearty laugh came. "Don't you remember, that's what you said at the show last night, that you were in love with Macoco and that you dreamed some day he'd come like a hawk and carry you away."

"I said that?" Manuela looked at him incredulously, and it was then the first dawning of her suspicion came. "I said that to him?"

"Sure," the man grinned, and no pirate cut-throat had ever grinned in such an idiotic way. "That's what you said to Serafin—I mean Macoco."

The color swept into her face realizing how she had been tricked. For she saw it all now that the clue had been given

game she was playing, and her humiliation took refuge in her sudden fury. "So you'd trick me, would you?" She seized a vase from a table and flung it at him. "You'd make a fool of me, would you?" But the last word ended in a sob as she saw him collapse and fall to the floor. And as she ran to him, she knew that her anger had been only a counterpart of her love for him. "Speak to me, Serafin," she whispered as she knelt beside him. "I didn't mean what I said. You're a good actor, you're fine. Oh, if I only hadn't been such a silly, little fool, mooning over some silly pirate, you wouldn't have had to pretend, you wouldn't have—"

She was in his arms then and he was holding her close and it didn't make any difference even knowing that he had only pretended unconsciousness. But even as he held her, she heard the shouts out-

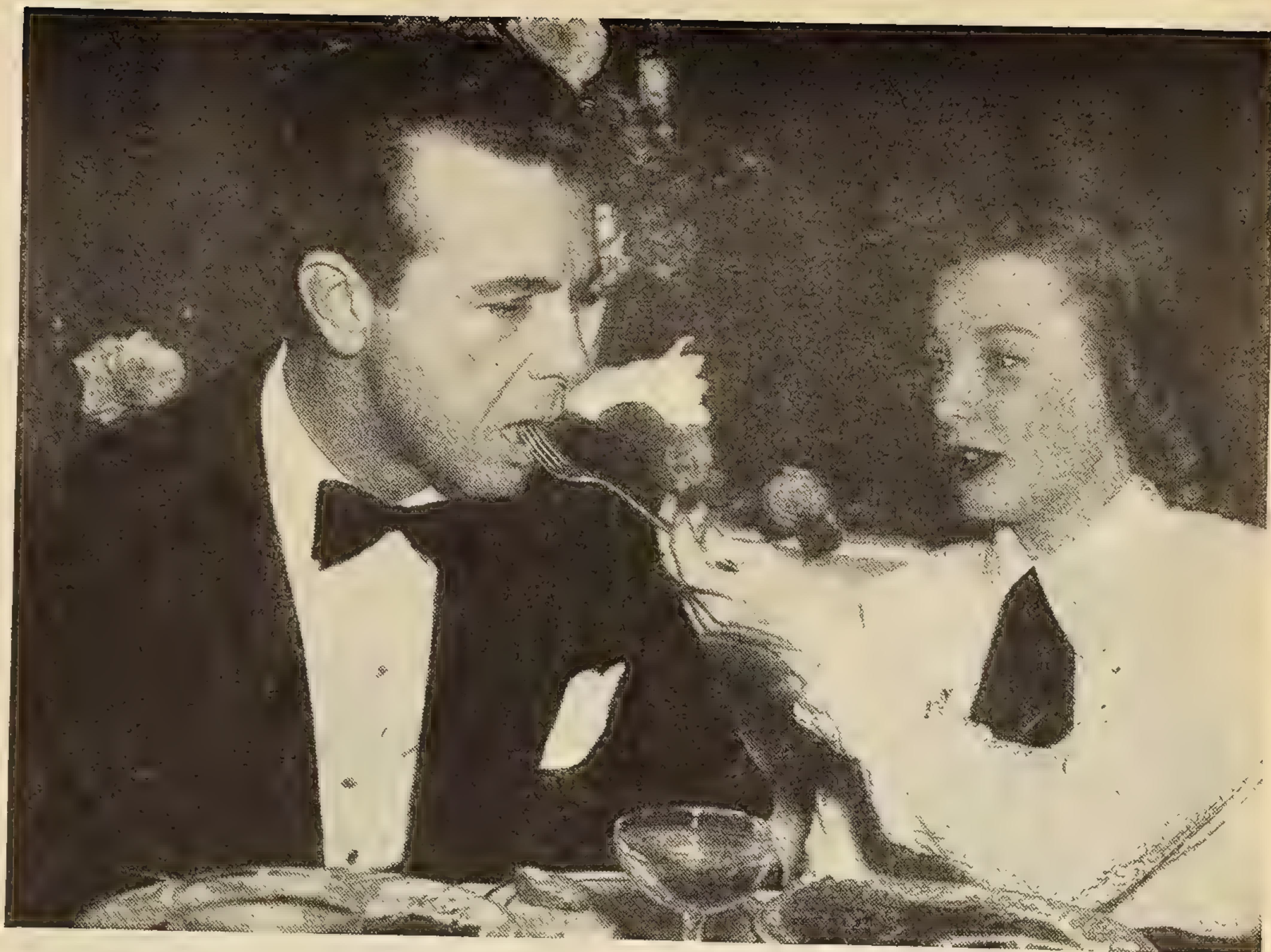
side, and then before she realized the meaning of them the door burst open and Don Pedro came in followed by a company of soldiers.

"Surround him!" the captain in charge ordered, and smiled sternly as he faced Serafin. "I must say, Macoco, you are very satisfying. The other members of your profession, whom I have met officially, have looked more like bookkeepers than pirates. But you fill the eye."

"But he isn't Macoco!" Manuela protested desperately. "It's only a joke, a silly joke. He is Serafin, an actor, who knew I had an admiration for Macoco. So he pretended. That's all it was."

"I am sorry, señorita," the captain said, "this is no silly joke." He turned back to his men. "Put him in irons," he ordered, "and issue a command to erect a gallows at once. We'll forego the formality of a trial."

They were gone then and Serafin was gone with them and for all that remained of the afternoon she heard the sounds of the gallows being erected in the village square. Then when evening came and the hammering finally stopped, another more gruesome sound took its place, the measured sound of soldiers' marching



If we were tuned in for sound, you'd hear the engrossing story Cesar Romero is telling Anne Baxter Hodiak, below. Steaks are on the menu when the Dick Powells, above, dine out.



feet and the cries of the villagers screaming for justice.

She could not stay away and even knowing the dire scene that awaited her, she ran to the square to make one last appeal for his life.

"You cannot hang him like this, without evidence," she pleaded, not daring to look at Serafin already standing on the scaffold. "You can't, you can't!"

It was the captain who showed her the evidence that Don Pedro had discovered among Serafin's theatrical effects, the casket overflowing with fabulous jewels. And as she stared at them, recognizing in a necklace the same intricate design as that which fashioned her bejeweled betrothal ring, she realized it was Don Pedro who was the real Macoco. Everything that had happened was so clear to her now. Serafin had recognized Don

Pedro as the pirate in her room that morning, and that was the reason the pompous little man had been so terrified knowing the reward for his capture. It was because of her that Serafin had not denounced Don Pedro but had played this little game instead, in his fear that her childish adoration of Macoco would make her idolize even the dullard he had turned out to be.

There was nothing she could do, for how would any of them, knowing she was in love with Serafin, take her word against that of the eminently respectable Don Pedro? But, wait! There was something else she could do. Couldn't she appeal to his vanity as a pirate, even as she had appealed to Serafin's as an actor?

"Macoco!" she cried, and running to the gallows she climbed to the scaffold,

putting her arms around the bewildered Serafin who could only think she was betraying him: "I ask so little," she cried, "only to be allowed to worship at your feet, Macoco, my prince of pirates. For they may do with you what they will, but your spirit, your legend will live on through the ages. And I will always worship you for your immortal deeds, your fearlessness, your daring. I shall carry your image in my heart forever and ever and—"

"But, Manuela," Serafin said, and as she looked at him she saw his bewilderment was gone and that now at last he realized what she was trying to do. "Remember you are to marry Don Pedro, the most pious, the most virtuous—"

"The most piddling of all men," her voice cut in scathingly, "a namby-pamby who doesn't dare leave this village, a catchpenny who is afraid of the sea."

It was too much for the vanity of the man who had once been the uncrowned king of all the rogues in the Caribbean. Screaming the blood-curdling cry which had been Macoco's battle song, he leapt to the scaffold and tore her out of the other man's arms.

"I've had enough of this!" he roared. "This marionette," he stretched his finger mockingly at Serafin, "strutting around pretending to be me, the fearless one! Do you think a runt like this could handle a crew of cut-throats? Do you think real men would risk their necks to serve under him? No, it was I who was the terror of the Caribbean for I am Macoco, the most feared and hated man who ever sailed—"

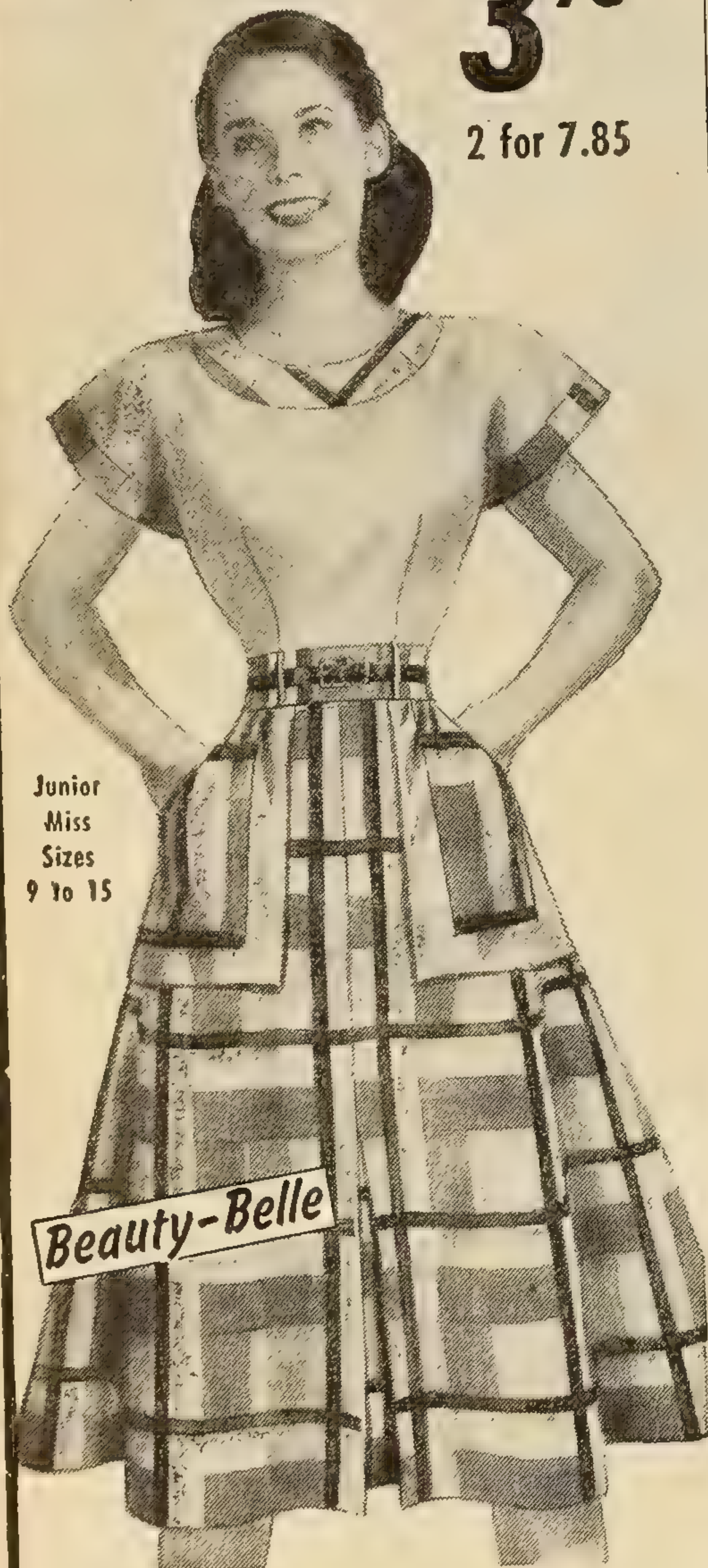
Only then, as the crowd roared and pressed forward, did he realize the confession he had made. But as he turned to run, the soldiers pressed in around him, covering him, hiding him from the girl who trembled now as Serafin's arms went around her. And even then, with the horror not entirely erased from her eyes, the new peace and the joyousness, which was only a forerunner of the joy to come, of the laughter and songs and lighthearted gaiety when they would roam the roads of the world together.

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Hi, Red!

Continued from page 41

rôle with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck and Edward G. Robinson in "Double Indemnity." She was given the rôle but was replaced a few days later by Jean Heather. She was seventeen, but on the screen she looked twelve.

She was scheduled for "National Velvet" but again photographed too young. The picture made Elizabeth Taylor, one of Mona's favorites, a star. Then came the rôle of Peggy Ann Garner's sister in "Junior Miss" and a part as Faye Emerson's young sister in "Danger Signal." It was during the filming of the latter picture that she met and married Pat.

After her wedding she got her first lead in "Black Beauty" and "That Brennan Girl." All these parts had been on loan-out to other studios. Then Paramount cast Mona as Joan Caulfield's brat sister in "Dear Ruth." The rôle proved Mona's talents and skyrocketed her to popularity. After "Dear Ruth" she was borrowed by 20th-Century Fox, to play Betty Grable's daughter in "Mother Wore Tights."

It was while Mona and Betty were making "Mother Wore Tights" that they both became expectant mothers. By the hour, Betty and her screen daughter (Mona portraying a twelve-year-old) sat around the set planning your arrival, Little Mona.

One Saturday afternoon, Pat and I went to visit the set. We asked a set worker where Mona Freeman could be located. "She's over there talking to Betty Grable about having a baby," the worker answered, pointing to a portable dressing room. "Say," he added, "isn't twelve years a little young for girls to be having babies?"

All the time your mother was getting the breaks, Little Mona, so was your dad. By this time he had been promoted to New Car Sales Manager at his father's Ford agency, one of the largest in Los Angeles. Well, so much for your parent's careers, Little Mona. I think you'd rather read about the Mona and Pat Nerney I know, rather than Mona Freeman, actress, and Pat Nerney, young executive. For instance, you'd probably like to know when and where your father proposed to your mother.

They were on their way to a formal party. Pat got off on the wrong street and as he started to turn he looked over at Mona. "You know, you're very beautiful," he said. "Why haven't you married?"

"I'd like to be married," she answered, "but I haven't been asked by the right person yet."

"You would like to be married? Would you marry me if I asked you?" Pat questioned.

"Yes, I'd marry you," Mona said.

"I'm not kidding—would you marry me, honestly, Mona?"

"Honestly, I'll marry you."

And that's how it was. Neither of them had mentioned being in love. But, believe me, they were.

They decided to head straight for Las Vegas. Then Pat couldn't remember which highway to take, he couldn't find his road maps—and also he decided he didn't have enough money on him. "I was so disappointed," Mona says, "for I thought maybe they were excuses to make us wait and think the matter over."

"Next thing we knew we were at Pat's home and he was saying: 'Now, Mona, I'm serious. You really will marry me, won't you? I don't want to tell my folks and then have you back out!' I assured him I was in love with him and wanted to marry him. We went in, and his parents and his brother John were home. Ruthie and Ham, his mother and father, were so happy. Ham was asleep. First thing he did when he heard the news was run for a special bottle of champagne he had saved for the day Pat would say he was getting married."

A week later Mona and Pat were married. Most of Hollywood's younger set turned out for the affair. Mona and Pat went to the mountains for a honeymoon, but spent the last half of the trip at Palm Springs at the Lone Palm Inn. Each cottage there is named, and they were housed in the "Paradise Cottage."

The first morning, Pat called for room service and asked to have breakfast sent to the cottage. "We're in Paradise," Pat told the steward. "And you can say that again," the steward replied, laughing.

Honeymoon over, Mona and Pat leased a modest one-bedroom apartment in the center of Hollywood. There was a small modern kitchen, bath and a living-room dining-room combination. And there was Willie Pearl, the colored maid.

Actually, Mona knew nothing about cooking and keeping house. Shortly after they started housekeeping, Joan Caulfield and I went over for dinner. The four of us wound up in the kitchen helping with the dinner. Watching Mona and Pat was like watching two kids play house—it was wonderful.

One of the first things they did was to start buying a spacious lot in the Riveria district. When they have paid for that, they'll build their home. The plans are made, but they go through nightly changes. Neighbors will be Gregory Peck, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and other movie people.

Besides the Riveria home, Pat has his heart set on owning a boat. Ham, his father, owns a 40-foot cruiser which the young Nerneys use. Boats are Pat's hobby. Mona's hobby is collecting antiques—and by the time the Riveria home is completed, she'll have almost enough antiques to furnish the house. Everything they buy now is purchased with the thought of using it in their home.

Pat is a homebody and almost every night comes from work with a house gadget or kitchen ware. Every Friday, for eighteen weeks, he bought a dish, until he had the complete set.

Just before you arrived, Little Mona, Pat and Mona found their present apartment, an unfurnished apartment in West-

wood. They were making big plans for you. A nursery was furnished. Joan Caulfield gave one of the showers. Diana Lynn, Virginia Welles, Mrs. William "Mousey" Powell, Kay Scott, Betty Hutton, Wanda Hendrix, Gail Russell, Olga San Juan, Lizabeth Scott and a host of others were there. At the same time, Pat's brother, John, gave a shower for Pat. It was a grand party. We drank refreshments from baby bottles and you got quite a bit of handsome "loot."

You'll like John and his wife, Actress Kay Scott, and their year-old daughter, Troy. Actually, it was John who first started dating your mother. Then Mona met Pat. "On our first date," Mona once told me, "Pat took me to my door, kissed the tip of my nose, turned and walked off and muttered goodnight."

Little Mona, you were expected on three different occasions. Your mother was rushed to the hospital to select you—and then came back home. When you arrived, your first telegram came from Bing Crosby, one of your biggest admirers. The telegram read: "A girl, huh. Well, that's okay for a start. Love. Bing."

The first outsider to see you was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. His daughter, Melissa, was born two hours after you arrived. The new mothers and fathers exchanged gifts and you and Melissa have a date to celebrate your first birthday together. Actress Karin Booth was probably the first outside person to see you after you went home, and Bill Powell was your first "date." He and "Mousey" had Mona, Pat and you to their home on your first night out. Ann Sothorn and her former husband, Robert Sterling, are very good friends. When you arrived, Ann made arrangements for Mona and Pat to have Marie Wilson (not related to the actress) to be your nurse. She was nurse for the Joe Pasternaks, the Ray Millands and for Ann and Bob when their babies were born. Wilson says you're a model baby. Right now I think you look like your dad—red hair and all.

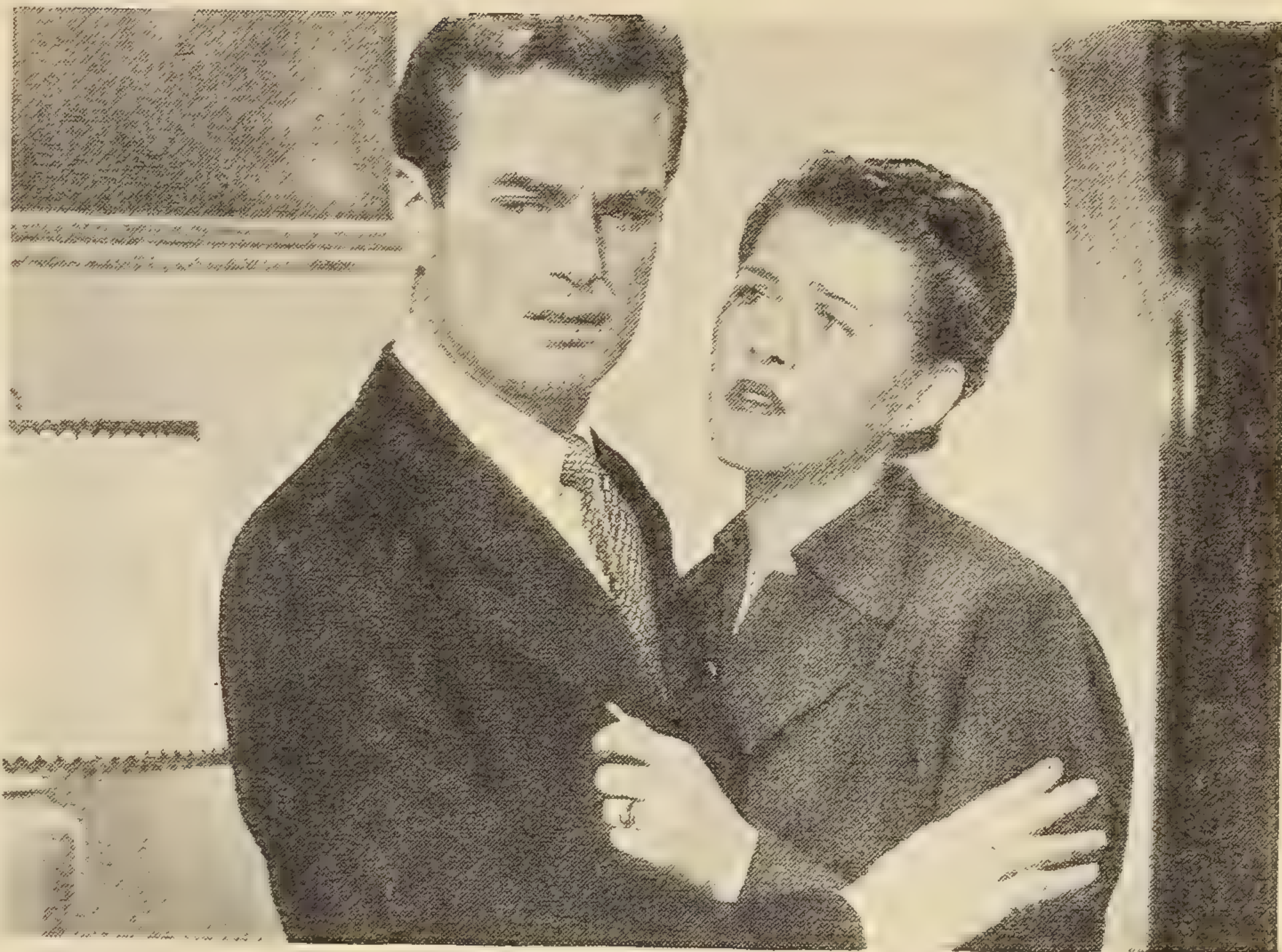
All the gang came over to see you the other night and you were the perfect "ham"—acted all over the place for Martha Vickers and completely stole the spotlight. You've already been offered a picture part at Paramount, but your folks decided against it.

Getting screen offers seems to run in your family. Producer Joe Pasternak has been trying to get your father to sign an acting contract for the past year. "Not me," says Pat, "those contract options are too uncertain. I'll stick to selling Fords."

One of your cutest gifts is a silver toothbrush handle from Pat's sister, Ann. You also have a string of pearls from Betty Hutton and a bracelet from Grandmother Nernev. The bracelet is set with stones, the first letter of each stone's name going to spell out "DEAREST"—diamond, emerald, amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire and topaz.

Ann is married to Dick Irvine, an art director at Twentieth-Century Fox. They have four children, ranging in age from one to six years old. Your folks say they would like to have at least one brother and sister for you.

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only



WHY DOES HE AVOID HER EMBRACE?

A. Because he is no longer happy in their marriage, constantly makes excuses to avoid the romantic intimacy of their honeymoon.

Q. What has she done? Is it really all her fault?

A. It is not so much what she has done as what she has neglected ... and that is proper feminine hygiene.

Q. Can neglect of proper feminine hygiene really spoil a happy marriage?

A. Yes, and the pity of it is, every wife can hold her lovable charm by simply using "Lysol" disinfectant as an effective douche.

Q. Can this purpose be accomplished by homemade douching solutions?

A. No... salt, soda and similar makeshifts do not have the proved germicidal and antiseptic properties of "Lysol" which not only destroys odor but is effective in the presence of organic matter.

Q. Why does this husband not tell his wife why he avoids her?

A. Because he feels that a woman should know these important facts ... and use every means in her power to remain glamorous, dainty and lovely to love. He resents her neglect of such fundamentals as correct feminine hygiene which is achieved so easily by regular douching with "Lysol" brand disinfectant.

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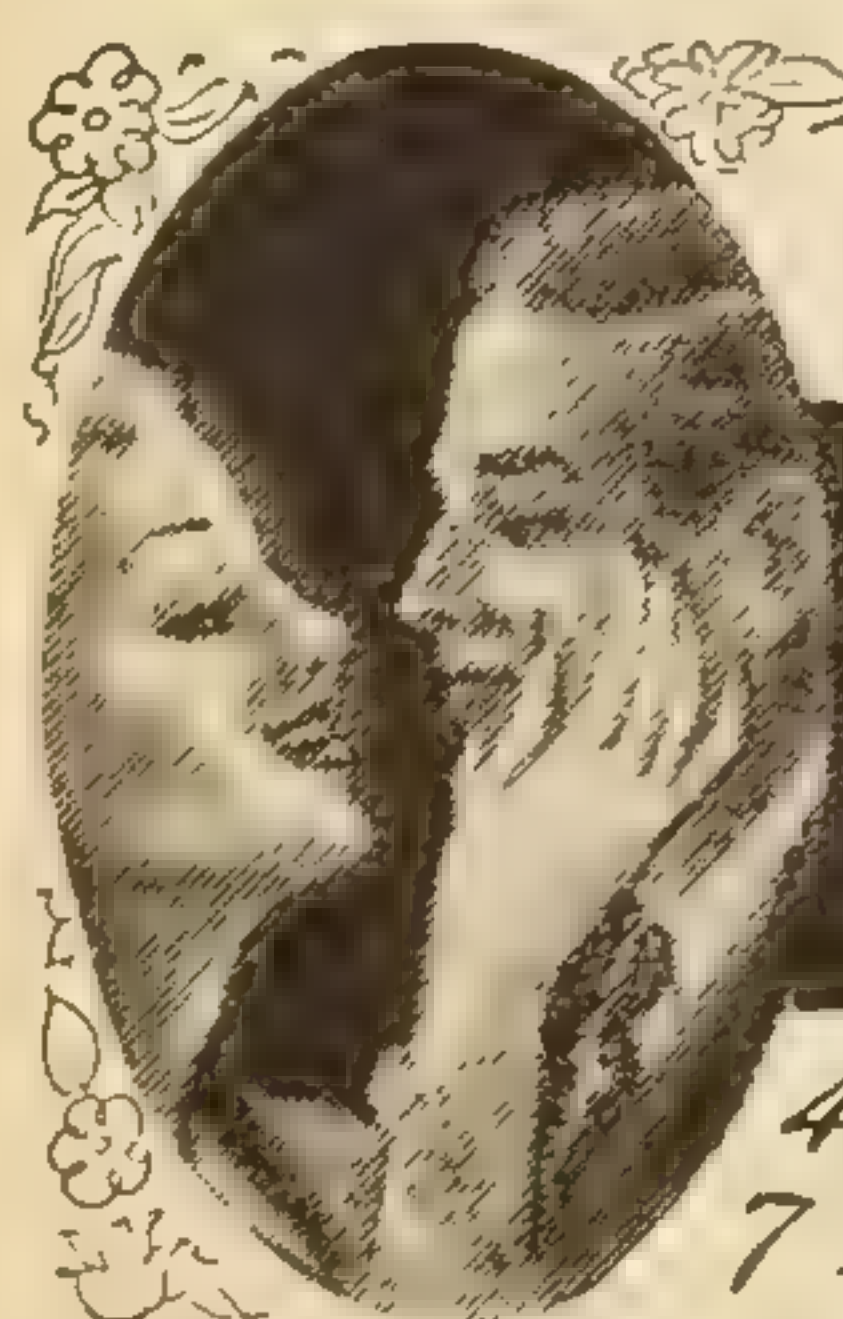
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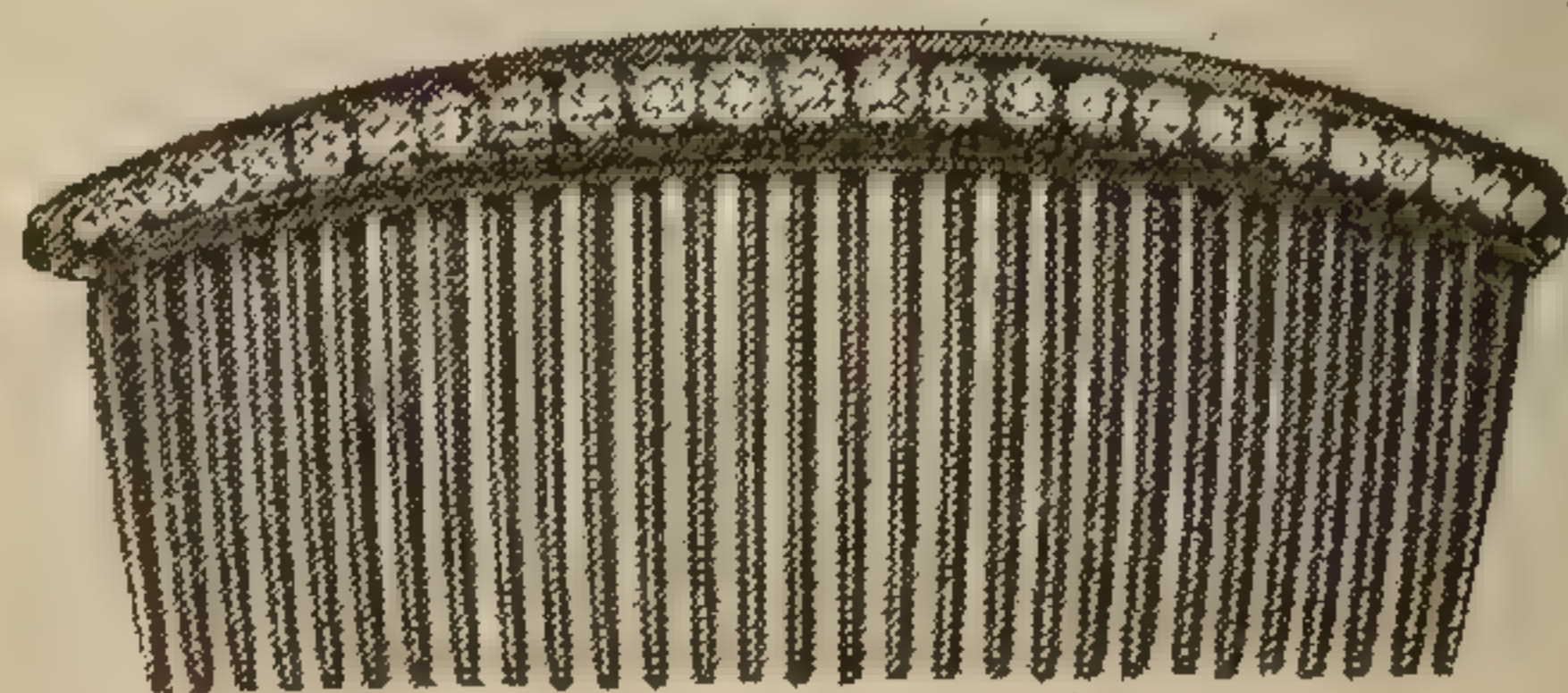
Guide To Glamor



Jane Wyman uses her Hughes brush often. She's in "Johnny Belinda."

Left, Yardley's new Cologne for Men has a clean, fresh, masculine aroma.

Below, for hair beauty, how about a Goody Kant-Slip rhinestone comb?



WHEN you're thinking about a new hairdo that's simple and attractive, what could be smarter than Jane Wyman's shorty page boy with bangs. It's turned under only slightly and looks divine. Jane's secret for acquiring sheen is brushing. Even in her purse she carries a little leather kit that contains a miniature brush, comb, mirror and nail file. The brush gets lots of use, for Jane uses it more often than the comb. All the stars do, for that matter. The little kit is one that you can buy, too, at practically all drug and department stores. It's called "Mini-Kit" and is made by Hughes. Comes in red and blue for \$1, plus 30 cents federal tax. If you've got the idea that men don't

like to smell nice, you're all wrong. We know for a fact that the he-men like cologne and when someone like Yardley puts one on sale, you can bet it's going to be a favorite. This one has a clean masculine scent that's blended lightly. Good for Father's Day or an in-between gift, it sells for \$1.65.

To give your coiffure a touch of elegance, how about a Goody comb with rhinestones? The reason we want you to know about them is that the rhinestones are set by a special process which makes them more lasting than ever. And what's even more to your liking, they sell in the variety stores for a wee dime. Hairdos always take on new zip when you treat them to a pretty comb or barrette.

Why the Harrisons Are Happy

Continued from page 37

lazy façade of his charm!) So when these two met they were the complement to each other.

"Marriage is a working job," Lilli says. "Often it is quite hard work, and always it is a full-time business. So I don't attempt to combine a screen career with our marriage because I know I couldn't do it. I sometimes make films, yes. But only in such leisure as being Mrs. Rex Harrison leaves me."

She goes on to explain that her own studio contracts are arranged so that she and her husband are working in Hollywood at the same time. Then they are able to spend their vacations together. She has just made "My Girl Tisa"—we shot the final scenes of my part the day before Rex and I embarked in the Queen Elizabeth. I was getting terribly worried! I had to be free to accompany Rex to England, of course. We never allow ourselves to be parted, except perhaps for a few unavoidable days when he has to go on some particularly remote location. I order my whole life so that I can always be there when Rex needs me, whether it's to help his work by providing a happy home background for him or to share in his travel and recreations. My marriage is always the first thing of importance to me, and I can't let any film commitments overshadow it."

Rex has come to London to play in "Escape" at the Denham Studios, adapted from John Galsworthy's famous stage drama about an escaped convict. Not the usual tough guy, but an English public-school man of good family whose careless folly has landed him with a stiff gaol sentence. Much of the action takes place on the mist-shrouded moors which surround the grim and isolated Dartmoor Prison in Devonshire and these scenes were shot on the actual spot. Lilli went along with the unit, staying at the tiny local inn and occupying herself in painting the wild landscapes while Rex was before the cameras. Dull and not perhaps especially comfortable days for her—but Rex had expressed the wish she should go, and that was sufficient to Lilli. There's all the happiness in the world in being wanted, as Lilli Harrison knows beyond doubt.

Painting in oils is Lilli's favorite leisure interest. She thinks every wife should have a hobby she genuinely enjoys to keep her mind fresh and also then she doesn't risk the danger of growing bored and restless while her husband is away working. At the Harrison's new Californian home, right out in Mandeville Canyon "because we like the peace there so much," Lilli is turning the old chicken-house into a studio, putting in a new glass roof.

She's full of enthusiasm about this new house and she's brought an album of photographs of it to proudly display to British friends. It was Lilli who took charge of the installation of the swim-



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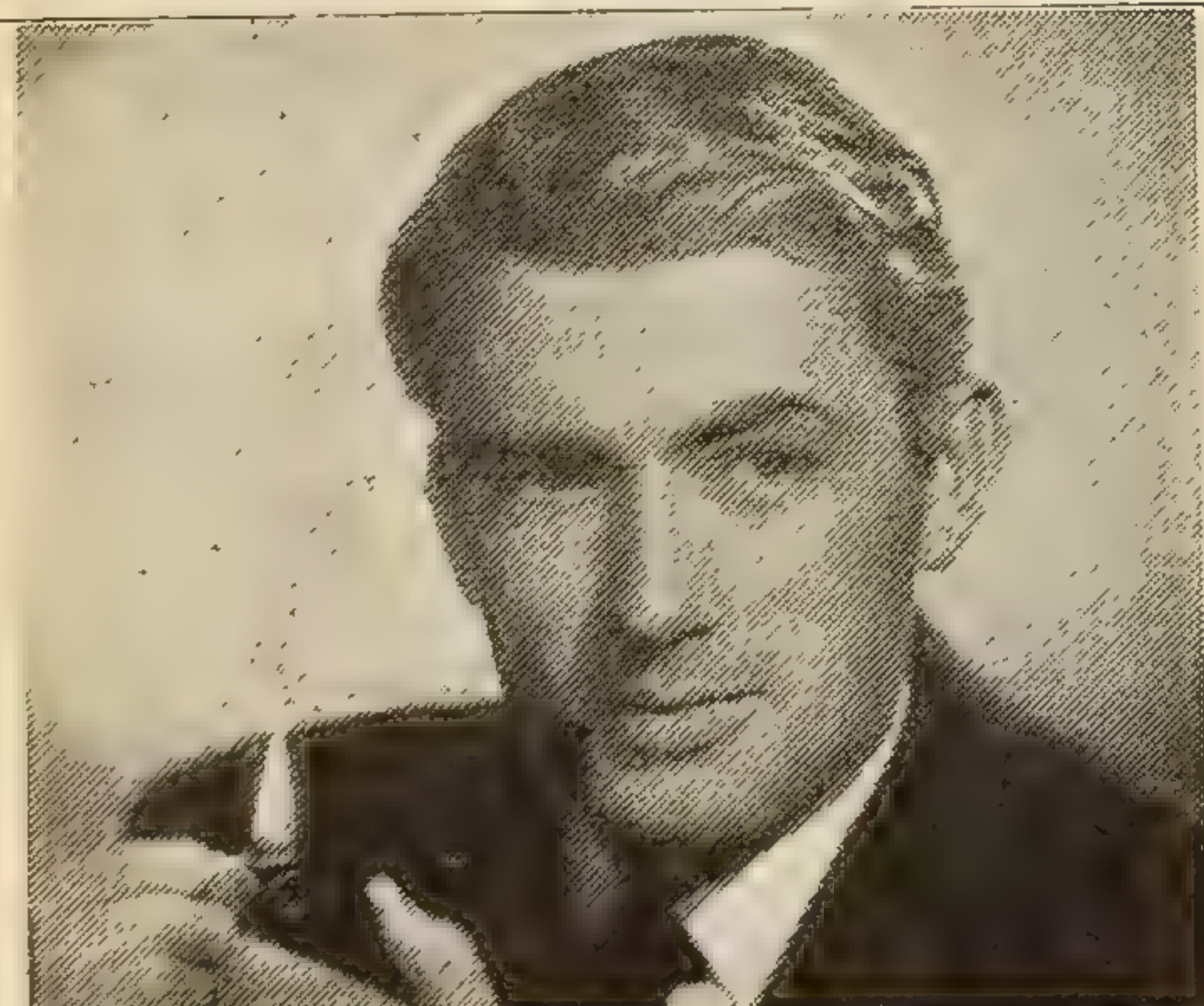


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ming-pool and who's busy now making garden plans. Though she and Rex will go out to parties and premières with pleasure, they are deeply attached to their own home just the same.

When they travel, Lilli takes the atmosphere of home along with them. Glance around this cream and brown hotel sitting-room now, with its big window overlooking the River Thames and Waterloo Bridge, and you'll notice the intimate little details. Family photographs, a shelf of well-read classic books, the box of Lilli's chocolate candy—nothing seems to spoil her willow-slender figure!—a dish of the apples Rex likes to munch at odd times, the rack piled high with magazines. These cover all kinds of subjects, from films and art to politics and fashions and country living. Rex finds it easy to keep in touch with the contemporary world by looking through the international magazines after dinner. Peek in at the Harrisons then and you won't find them sitting opposite in their separate chairs, each with their own paper. They'll be sharing the sofa, Lilli curled up companionably beside her husband while they turn the pages of a magazine together.

"Together" would be the representative keynote of this happy couple. "We" is a word they both use far more often than "I." They believe in sharing their lives, which center firmly round their home and their family. Rex has always known the stability of a happy family life. He is affectionately devoted to his mother and brother in England. Lilli, one of the three daughters of an Austrian scientist who fled to Britain before the war, corresponds regularly with all her relatives when she is in America and loves to return to her parent's suburban home when she comes to London. Now she can take her own child along with her, too.

Little Carey Harrison is a delightful personality, with blond hair and his mother's expressive hazel eyes, though Lilli is always eager to point out he is loose-limbed like Rex so is sure to grow up just as tall. He is a complete part of the family, simple, well-mannered and unspoiled. To encourage him to develop his own initiative, he has very few toys and is only allowed to have presents at Christmas and on his birthday. He travels around with his parents, in charge of his Irish nurse Pat, and every Sunday the Harrisons devote as much of their time as they can to him. In London they sometimes went to the Zoo, where Carey once unexpectedly announced that an ancient lion looked "very, very sad and hungry just like Mr.—," mentioning a Hollywood producer who would certainly be surprised to know it!

Sometimes, too, the Harrisons spent Sundays with their great friends the John Mills at their old-world country home. Lilli is godmother to baby Hayley, the younger of the two little Mills sisters. During the war years Rex and Lilli shared a big house with John and Mary Mills, narrowly escaping death one day when a flying bomb fell on the lawn. Lilli could easily have gone away to a safe Scottish village but as she explains herself "it never occurred to me for a moment." Rex was making "Blithe Spirit" in London so she naturally stayed

in the danger-zone to be with him as much as she could.

Lilli Palmer could become one of the greatest star names in Hollywood. Brilliant dramatic sense and a fine timing are allied with her haunting beauty and unusual personality. More than once she has been offered a long-term contract as important as her husband's but always she has turned it down without the slightest hesitation. "It wouldn't be worth it," she says, "because it would almost certainly spoil my marriage. I'm so happy as I am there's nothing more to tempt me now!"

Sacrifice? Lilli's laugh rings out like a peal of silver bells when you murmur that word, "What am I giving up when I still have everything a woman needs in her life? Besides, I mean to do so many things in the future. We don't want Carey to be an only child so we are planning to give him a playmate quite soon. During the first half of this year I have agreed to make two more films in Hollywood since Rex will be working there, too, at the time. One is 'The Long Way Home' and the other is provisionally called 'Rose in the Yew Tree.' In the summer I anticipate retiring from the screen for a while. Then we shall hope to have another baby. We should both like a daughter next time," Lilli confesses frankly.

What has Rex got to say about all this? Not much in actual words—his English reserve cropping out again! It's just not done, discussing the inner emotions of your marriage with other people. But he does remark quietly that a man who marries an understanding woman has found his most precious treasure. Rex's appreciation of his wife and his devotion to her are there for all the world to see, written plainly in the instinctive way he shares everything with her. She helps him to study his scripts and answer his mail. They swim and drive and play golf together. He takes an interest in her clothes, though he never tells her what he thinks she should wear. When he discovered her new strapless evening dresses, he brought home a surprise gift of an accompanying necklace, a lovely band of seed pearls with colored stones like little bunches of grapes depending from it.

So now you know the secret of these happy Harrisons. Love and trust and mutual loyalty, founded on the rock of family life and kept steadfastly sweet by patience and sympathy and gentle tender humor. It's the old tried recipe that's still an ever-new one, as successful for a married pair in a cottage or a modest apartment as it is in the luxury home of two famous Hollywood motion picture stars.

Editor's Note: As we go to press the rumor factories are grinding out the report that the Harrisons are not so happy after all! Gossip has it that they are, in fact, on the verge of a break-up. After the Ronald Reagan-Jane Wyman split, nothing should surprise readers of Hollywood interviews, but we must confess that, for once, we are out on that well-known limb, little expecting "the old tried recipe" for a successful marriage could play such capers with the Harrison household.

Bergen Without McCarthy

(Continued from page 25)

appearance on any stage). My history teacher was in the audience, thought Charlie amazing and, after that evening, *never again asked me a question in class!* With the result that I never again, of course, made another wrong answer and so, thanks to Chas., graduated!

"At Northwestern University where, thanks to the money I made with Charlie on Chataqua, Charlie and I matriculated, I made the Delta Epsilon fraternity and for no other reason than that the boys thought Charlie very clever and wanted him to rouse the spirits at rushing parties.

"And the places which, without Charlie, I might never have seen; the people whom, without Charlie, I might never have met! I've covered, thanks to Charlie (when he reads this piece, he'll have me covered!) every state in the Union and most of the countries of the world, including Canada, Venezuela, Russia, Iceland, Newfoundland; have entertained the King of Sweden; entertained in prison camps, in a leper colony; at the White House. No identification, mind you, to get into the White House, but Charlie, who said 'How do you do' to President Truman, adding politely that Mr. Truman had 'a nice little place here,' that he 'liked the looks of the place,' Which reminds me that, some time previously, Charlie met Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who shook hands with him and, when I raised Charlie's hand to meet hers, was visibly taken aback, having obviously expected Charlie himself to respond." Bergen paused, smiled, added quietly, "As why not?"

"To McCarthy I owe, so to speak, my wife. A McCarthy fan, Frances and I met when she got tickets to one of our broadcasts, sat on the stage, one of an overflow from the audience, we got to talking and later got married.

"Still carrying on in my private, as well as in my public life, Chas., now aids and abets me when I have a point to make with my daughter, Candice, who is pushing the age of two. As an example, when I say 'Where's Candy's nose? Where's Candy's hair?' and she won't answer, I use Charlie—that is, I use the small Charlie doll I had made for Candy and with which, like father, like child, she plays exactly as she plays with the moppets next door—so, using Charlie, 'Now, Charlie,' I say, pointing to his nose, 'what's this?' 'Nose,' says Charlie. Quite mystified when Charlie talks, but not to be outdone by a dummy, Candy then makes the answers, and I make my point."

It is big of Charlie, Edgar admits, to be so cooperative with Candy since it was when Candy came, and Charlie's room was needed as a nursery, that Charlie moved out of his room and into a bureau drawer!

"In short, all that I am or hope to be, I owe to Charlie," says Edgar, and very handsome of him. "To Charlie, who was my turning point from being a total unknown to the spotlight I, as Charlie's

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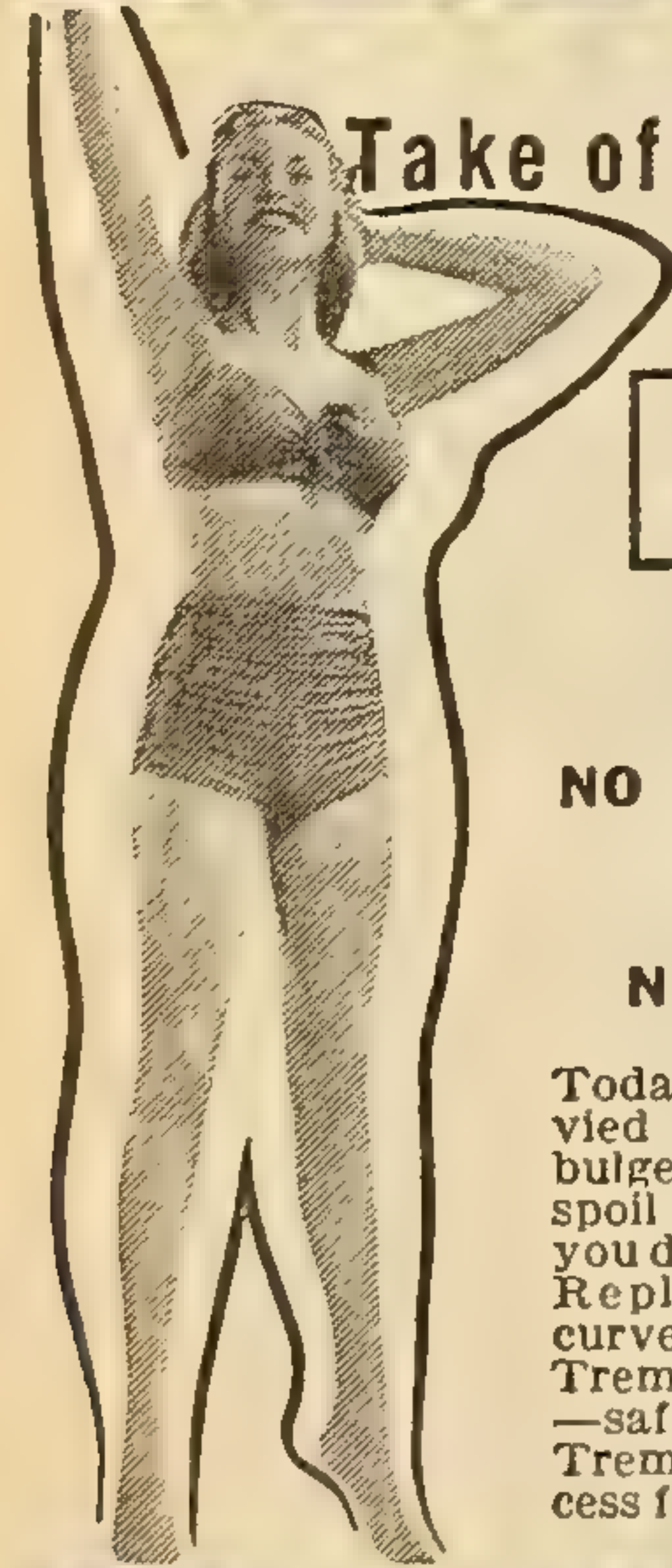


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stooge, occupy today. It is still like a vacation, with pay, to get away from the ornery little splinter!

"Don't think for a moment," Edgar added, "that I was not constantly reminded of Charlie while working at RKO—wonderful, they think Charley is, *wonderful*. Refreshing, however, when, now and again, I was permitted to use the personal pronoun 'I' rather than 'We'—which is, I understand," Edgar said turning, with transparent eagerness, toward your reporter, "what you wish me to do, Gladys, in this interview?"

"It is, indeed," we hastened to assure the man who, speaking in many voices, in Charlie's voice, in the voice of Mortimer Snerd, the voice of old maid aunt Effie Clinker, so seldom speaks as himself, for himself—this extremely attractive man about whom too little, dwarfed as he has been by dummies, is known. "It is, indeed."

Edgar took pause, choked once over beginning a sentence with the unaccustomed "I," then said, in his quiet voice, the almost hushed voice which is his natural speaking voice, "I am rather a quiet individual, I'm afraid. Perhaps because I enjoy quiet; hate noise. Hate noisy cocktail parties where everybody's talking. Hate amplifiers. Hate loud speakers. Allergic, actually, to noise."

"I read a lot. No fiction. I never read for entertainment. Like science articles, news, history, biography."

"We don't talk shop much at home, Frances and I. When we are at home evenings—home is on a mountain top, overlooking Benedict Canyon—they are quiet evenings. We either go into my little rumpus room, or theater, and run pictures, or I tinker with my sound equipment while Frances sews. On cook's night out, we usually go into the kitchen and cook our own dinners. Having been a Boy Scout, I am handy with the bacon and the skillet. Frances, who knows food as one born to the Cordon Bleu, is what may be called 'cuisine conscious,' as a woman should be. Any woman who boasts of being helpless in a kitchen, I put down," Edgar said severely, "as a very stupid person, one who deserves a man saying to her, 'So you can't cook? So I can't earn a living!'"

"When we have friends in, I often do magic, which I began doing as a boy at church parties. And continued to do, after I was in vaudeville. 'If you'll throw the magic out and just keep Charlie in, we'll keep you,' as one manager said."

"I've just become a farmer again. Bought me 185 acres of desert land which, with a canal coming in nearby, should become, in time, very fertile soil for grapes, vegetables and (retired) ventriloquists."

"Contrary to the impression Charlie works himself hoarse to give of me, I am not a miserly man; have several extravagances such as, for instance, twelve cameras, two airplanes, two cars, and a complete sound motion picture equipment. Always interested in photography and in all things mechanical, I could have become a respectable photographer, or a respectable electrician, which latter my mother thought I should have been

instead of what I was, for so long—a third-rate vaudevillian living in third-rate hotels.

"I have, I suppose," Edgar grudgingly confessed, "a few miserly traits—I like to turn out lights when I leave a room, even if it is a hotel room. I'll spend an hour looking for a mislaid paper clip. I look over my old ties in the rack, find none fit to be worn, but cannot bring myself to throw them away, and never do."

"Not a lazy man, as I believe I can say of myself, I need comparatively little sleep; can do a lot on six or seven hours a night, but am a ten-to-fifteen minutes napper when I can *and* I can. Often go to sleep right in the middle of a writing session. Not that I ever actually *write*," Edgar explained, "I read up to 1000 jokes a week for our radio show, weed out and cut down to the number needed for our radio show of that week. But when it comes to writing, I have a dictophone and a secretary, one on each lap!"

"A normal amount of cowardice is in me. I never assist in a fight—will run and hide when blows are threatened, or even harsh words."

"Enjoying fame and money, as I do, I am not a rapacious man. There is, I believe, a stopping point. After the first hundred thousand, must we go witch-hunting the second hundred thousand, et cetera? I kind of like Mortimer, I think he's nice, the kind of person you can't help but like because there's no jealousy in his soul, no bitterness, no ambition. If Mortimer doesn't get money, he'll get relief. He's willing to admit that other people are smarter than he is. Modesty, that's Mortimer, and great humility."

"In New York, I like to see plays, do luncheons and dinners; like to dance, especially the Samba, at the Stork. Love leisure, love relaxation, love fun—have you noticed," Edgar asked, "how 'More tension, work harder, save more' seems, of late, to be the slogan, everywhere, with everyone? None saying, 'Don't forget, buddy, life is supposed to be *lived*. Have fun.'"

"I am a quiet man, admittedly," Edgar admitted, "but I am a Man with A Message. My message is, *The importance of nonsense and laughter*. Trained to seriousness, as we are today, nonsense is out of place, laughter is crowded out—laughter that is one of the best ways to fight off neuroses and ulcers!"

"My father wanted me to be a minister; my mother wanted me to be a doctor. I turned out to be a ventriloquist. But do you know, I feel I have come close to fulfilling both their wishes. A minister brings peace; a doctor brings healing; *so does a comedian*. You are not tense, you cannot sit and hold a grudge, while you are laughing. That is why I feel my radio work is very important."

That is the reason I will never do anything on the radio without Charlie, without Mortimer. *Nothing on the radio without Charlie, ever*—and isn't this what you, and isn't this what I, have known I would say all along?" Edgar, with half a sigh, half a smile, signed off.

Van Johnson by Spencer Tracy

Continued from page 22

steps, he talked a friend into driving him to the studio to demonstrate that he would be ready to go to work in about the same amount of time as it would take the casting director to get a white shirt back from the laundry.

Of course nobody let him return to work until he was in proper condition, and afterward he was allowed a long period of rest. Most kids would have taken it easy during that time. Not Van. He showed up at the studio every day and visited sets. He would find a quiet, inconspicuous spot out of the way of the technicians but where the view of the action was excellent, and there he would camp. One way to take dramatic lessons, I've always said, is to be where drama is going on. Johnson had the same idea; he acted on it.

There are plenty of kids in the picture business today who have come up too fast. They are one-picture wonders, and God help them when audiences decide that their long straight hair or their long straight profiles have become monotonous. Van made up his mind early in the game that he wasn't going to be a one-picture, one-characterization actor. For a time, however, I thought he was going to be a two-characterization actor. If you saw him in "The Human Comedy" you probably realized that Johnson was doing a Tracy. Why anybody would want to do such a thing I can't imagine—but there you have it. This fact was mentioned, with varying degrees of glee, by most of the reviewers.

There's an old saw to the effect that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. I'm willing to have it that way, but I'm no dunderhead. It was plain to me that here was an up-coming Tracy who was better than established Tracy, a situation that I could not allow to go uncorrected—and still eat. Then I saw one of the "Dr. Gillespie" pictures in which Van worked with Lionel Barrymore, and my head unswelled several hat sizes, because there was Van doing Barrymore. Apparently there were going to be two of us standing in line for Thanksgiving dinner at The Salvation Army.

Naturally, this thing had to stop. The next time Van asked me for advice, which he pumped my ego by doing occasionally, I pointed out the charity due to a couple of earnest old-timers trying to turn an honest buck. "Just leave us our rackets," I suggested, "and get a gimmick all your own. What has been a good deal for us might not turn out so good for you—might be getting shopworn, you know."

Johnson was a smart number. The next time I saw him was in "Weekend at the Waldorf," and what came across the screen was nothing but Pa Johnson's boy. That's one of Van's good points: when he asks for advice, he means it. He isn't simply making conversation. And if he decides that the advice is well-intentioned and issued from a foundation of good judgment and practical experience, he takes it. In spades.

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By the time he made "Romance of Rosy Ridge" he had developed into as competent a young leading man as I've seen in some time. A leading man to be watched if you're going to play any scenes with him, I told myself, having a premonition that I'd be stuck with the lad in "State of the Union."

Sure enough, that's the way Head Office figured it out. Now, as anybody who has worked with me will tell you in bitter tones, I'm a stickler for punctuality. Time is the most valuable thing in the world because it's the one thing that you can't get any more of — (if that line sounds familiar, it's because I said it in "Edison, The Man.") Van feels the same way about it. When that camera is ready to roll, Van has been hanging around the set with fire in his eye for fifteen or twenty minutes. I don't think he has ever been late; as a matter of fact, if I'm not careful, he is going to swipe my local reputation for being the guy by whom they set the studio clocks.

Another conviction I have is that an actor should come on the set knowing his lines. It's part of the job, and no unique hardship at all. There are players around town who look upon this attitude of mine as an example of Tracy idiosyncrasy. Quaint. Odd. Temperamental. Some players like to learn their lines in rehearsal or during ten or fifteen takes per scene.

Van shares my eccentricity: when he walks into a scene he knows what the script is all about, and he has his dialogue letter-perfect at tongue tip. If there is anything he hates, it is to fluff a line or to blow a scene. A soft-spoken guy ordinarily, Van always looks as if he wished he could speak Sanskrit so he could relieve his feelings without disgracing himself when his dialogue goes sour.

Although I should be the last one to admit it, I'm going to fracture precedent by confessing that modesty is not *always* an actor's salient characteristic. Once in a while, of course, you meet an actor containing a *tiny* grain of conceit, much as you sometimes find a clove bud in your baked ham. But Johnson is just about as free of self-satisfaction and complacency as any normal, ambitious, hard-hitting guy you'd meet anywhere.

During the making of "State of the Union," Governor Harold Stassen visited our set. I'd heard a lot about the Governor and was eager to meet him. I had

my picture taken with him—one of my few souvenirs. After we got through posing, Governor Stassen said, "Isn't Van Johnson working in this picture, too? If I go home without meeting him, I'll never be able to face my family again."

Ordinarily you can count on Van hanging around the set, taking an interest in everything that goes on, but when a distinguished visitor shows up, Van disappears into his dressing room. Someone went after Van, explaining to him that Governor Stassen had voiced a desire to meet him. "Me?" demanded Van. "What for? He's a big man. He wouldn't be interested in me."

Junior was finally talked into emerging from his dressing room, and posing for pictures. Governor Stassen brought an Arizona sunset of pleasure to Van's pan by asking for his autograph. Whereupon Van said, "Could I have *your* autograph, please, sir?"

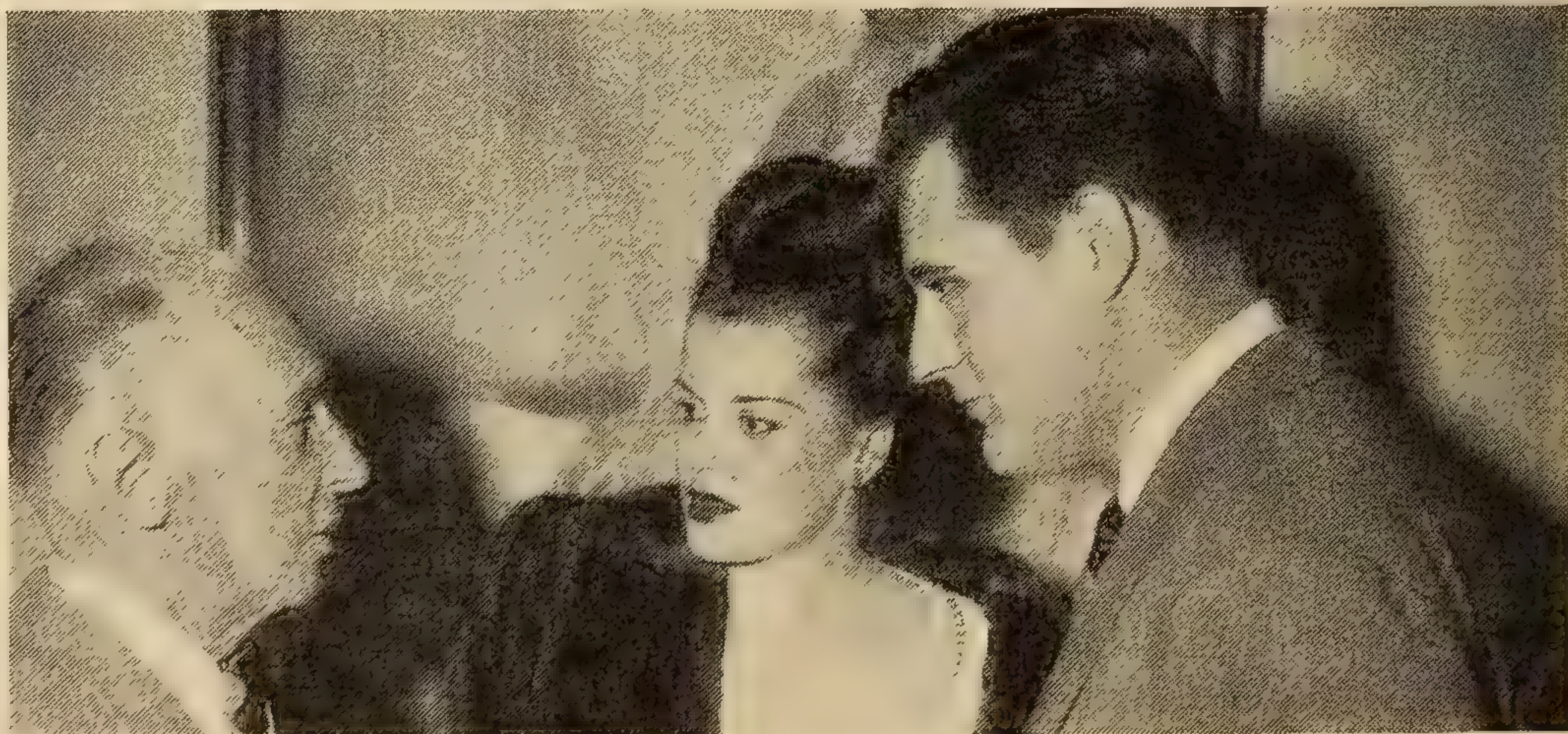
I've noticed that when newspaper men come on the set, most young actors are available. That is, if you don't stumble over them at every turn, you're lucky. Van is an exception. He melts toward his dressing room and there he stays unless one of the press boys indicates a positive determination to get the Johnson views on some current problem.

"What's the idea of doing an Invisible Man act every time you sniff printer's ink?" I asked him. All the lineage I was getting as a result of being around in full view of the press was bothering me. But not much.

This is the answer I got, and I quote, "Those guys don't come around here to see me. They want to talk to you and Miss Hepburn."

I kept my big fat mouth shut. I know when I'm well off.

In these days when flippancy is standard operating procedure, and nobody under ninety gets respect from the junior department, Van is a refreshingly courteous and restrained lad. While we were doing "State of the Union" Kate Hepburn gave us a rough time by kidding us about our weight. I am a slim and sylph-like ballet type who seldom weighs more than twenty or thirty pounds over the figure charts for streamlined elegance. I think, without flattery, I can say the same for Van. Besides which, both of us like candy. I keep candy in my dressing room for the purpose of furnishing in-



New bride Janis Paige and groom Frank Martinelli, Jr., still "living on a pink cloud," greet Hollywood's busiest host, Atwater Kent, at a recent party.

stant energy—at least that's what it says in the advertisements.

Miss Hepburn has a genius of a cook about whose prowess Kate has to do some subtle bragging by bringing daily samples (in two pound boxes) of cookies. These, she insists, are not fattening. Only the candy has that unfortunate property. Between Van and me, two pounds of cookies and two or three pounds of candy were doing their daily good deeds in giving us power to appear before the camera.

"You're a pair of fat slob," said Miss Hepburn, a girl who chooses her words with care.

Van and I threw out our chests and sucked in our belt perimeters.

"You're still fat," opined Kate.

Finally, when she came on the set one morning, I was inspired to retaliate. "Hello, Bonesy," I said. Miss Hepburn blanched. She didn't refer to tallow in any form for several days.

Now here's the theme of this yarn: Van took as much ribbing as I did. He might have taken up my cry of "Bonesy" and given Kate a bad time. He didn't. He figured that it was my gag, and he left it with me. That is a sample of good manners, and good manners these days are rare.

As a matter of fact, this Johnson gentleman and I had trouble over one thing, and one thing only. I'm still sore on that point. All during the time he was an expectant father, I coached him. I gave him tips on the proper temperature for bath water, and the best stride to use while pacing the floor by night. Being the well-established father of two children, I could speak with authority on the emergencies of measles, mumps and chicken pox.

When Van's fans sent him little knitted garments, I was properly respectful. Since his fans forwarded enough equipment for a reissue of the Dionnes, it was pretty hard to maintain enthusiasm every time the mail came in, but I managed it. Van's gratitude was nice to see. He acted as if every package he opened were the first, and he kept on repeating the name of the donor in a tone of incredulous appreciation. "Imagine Jane Jones of Broken Nose, South Dakota, knitting this herself," he would murmur.

All this I could understand. What we argued about was the name his new daughter bears: Schuyler Van Johnson. Oh, no! Not that. I'm a man for plain names, myself. In our family we have John and Susan. Simple. Ordinary. Easy.

But—*Schuyler*. I don't think that little girl is going to enjoy that handle. So I've already shortened it. I'm calling her "Sky" in honor of her eyes, which are as blue as Van's. "Sky Johnson" is a pretty fine moniker.

I'd like to have my picture taken with her some day. It might impress the proper people. As it is, I have finally managed to impress my own daughter by having my picture taken, profile against profile, with Van. Van thinks that we look alike. I am not arguing with him; if he thinks so, I figure that my job is to accept the compliment gracefully.

He's a pretty sweet guy to resemble, but if you think I'm going to tell him so, you're crazy. I'm having trouble enough holding my own in "State of the Union."

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Spencer Tracy by Van Johnson

Continued from page 23

Spencer Tracy. I was to take it easy; the picture was going to be held for me. That was my part and I was to have it no matter how long it took me to get back on my feet. I guess a guy wouldn't cry with relief and gratitude over news like that. Some guys might not. I did.

"A Guy Named Joe" was held for three months. Irene Dunne made another picture, "The White Cliffs of Dover," but Spence simply marked time. That isn't all. It is a well known fact that Spence likes a quiet set. He usually spends a good deal of time in his dressing-room; he likes the shooting to go swiftly, efficiently, and without the inevitable interruptions caused by the presence of visitors on the sound stage. But during the making of "Joe," that was the most open, everybody-welcome set at the studio. Newspaper people and magazine writers, hungry for chats with Spencer Tracy, arrived in eager flocks. By a series of maneuvers best known to Spence, those people always found themselves sort of drifting along with him—toward the canvas chair where I was sitting, or toward my dressing-room. He introduced me to literally dozens of people, and always with the statement, "Everything has been written about me, and who cares? But here is a guy who's fresh copy. Here's a great story for you."

What do you feel for a guy like that? Gratitude? Appreciation? Admiration? I've tried on all those words for size, and all I can say is that they are too little, too pale, too inadequate for what I think about Spencer Tracy.

Now, if Spence ever reads this (which I hope he doesn't) he's going to think I've got him all wrong. He regards himself as a steel-cored character, motivated solely by practical, realistic, business purposes. Yet the truth is that he is a sentimental gentleman who tries hard to kid himself and others into thinking of him as hard-boiled. Take his ranch, for instance. He owns the only—to hear other ranchers tell it—non-profit ranch in Hollywood. Others boast about their financial prowess at raising white faces, or Arabian horses, or Farmer's Market radishes. Spencer boasts about how small he kept his expenses, he hopes.

Although he hasn't played polo for eight years—he was darned good, incidentally, winning a three goal rating—he still pastures his polo ponies. They are the sleekest, fattest, laziest bunch of retired platers you've ever seen. Troubled a little by the fact that his ranch was permanently in the red, Spence called in the County Farm Agent and asked for Advice. The Agent was filled with money-making suggestions. Dispose of the polo ponies; sell the stables, sow the east pasture to alfalfa. "To alfalfa?" said Spence. "Hmmm. No, I don't think so. That wouldn't be practical."

"Practical!" gasped the Agent, who draws his large annual salary on the basis of purest practicality. "What makes you think my suggestion isn't practical?"

"That space—the one where you want to put in alfalfa—well, for three months

each year, as long as we get rain, that is the prettiest pasture you have ever seen. The ponies love it. Get fat. If I didn't have that pasture land, my feed bills would be out of this world."

"But I thought you should sell the ponies—"

Spence drew lines on the ground with the toe of his shoe. "Couldn't do that. I mean, those ponies are out of training. If they had to go back to work they wouldn't know what to do with themselves. They've earned their retirement by hacking me around a field."

In order to realize some small income from his ranch, Spence stocked it with chickens and turkeys. Within three weeks each of the fowls had a name. When the time came to dispose of them, Spence couldn't look the birds in the eye and admit that he was trading their lives for cold cash. So he gave them away. As things stand now, Spence stocks his ranch regularly, then gives away the Sunday dinners as rapidly as they mature to plump succulence. Remember, this is a hard-hearted, practical business man that you're reading about!

Another thing that I get a big kick out of is the perennial feud that goes on between Clark Gable and Spence. Spence calls Clark "King" or "The Moose," and Clark calls his best friend and severest critic any number of names best ignored in a family journal. Each is on the constant lookout for grounds on which to rib the other.

While we were working in "State of The Union" Spence had a series of subtle, very difficult love scenes to do with Miss Hepburn. Although the day on which those scenes were to be done was kept secret, and even the press was asked not to visit the set, a pair of visitors arrived early in the morning. Their expressions of leisure and anticipation were enormous; their self-satisfaction was likewise. "Well, what are you doing here?" inquired Spence in belligerent tones.

"Oh, we just wanted to watch you—wanted to get some pointers on this great lover business," said Clark Gable, exchanging owl glances with his companion, Director Mervyn Le Roy. This pair stuck around, causing Spence enormous embarrassment, until Frank Capra began to give them the scowl treatment.

During the filming of the picture, the Women's Audience Institute—an organization of several thousand eastern women who are patrons of the arts—voted Spence the actor having the most effective voice. They amplified this award (and I agree that Spencer Tracy's vocal equipment is one of the best, if not the very best in Hollywood) by explaining that his tones created an air of confidence mingled with relaxed enjoyment.

Well, you can imagine Clark Gable's reaction to that. He had to do something about it. A week later he looked in on the set and, fixing his pal with a suspicious eye, said, "Well?" Spence regarded him innocently. "Well, what?" "Aren't you going to do something about those telegrams?" Gable demanded. "What tel-

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egrams?" Spence wanted to know. "I didn't get anything from you if that's what you mean." His disappointment was so obvious that Clark couldn't have doubted him.

Clark had been sending a telegram a day, notifying Spence of a new award on each occasion. All of the telegrams had been sent collect, of course. What had happened was that the wires were delivered to the studio mail room where, in accordance with established studio custom, they were refused. They were returned to the telegraph office and charged to Clark's account. You can bet that Spence wasn't going to let Clark forget that one for a long time. "After all these years of hanging around a studio, playing bit parts, you should know what happens to anything that is sent collect," Spence harangued. "You should have *known*. Or don't you get any fan mail?"

Spence is an ardent and faithful member of the local Irish Society. It isn't incorporated, but it's as exclusive as a cartel. Once a week, Pat O'Brien, Jimmie Cagney, Frank McHugh, Spence and two or three other loyal sons of the auld sod gather for dinner at one of the town's best restaurants. There they swap stories and/or lies, kid one another unmercifully, talk shop, and enjoy themselves in general. Spence is one of the most gifted story tellers of all time. If he hadn't become an actor, I think he would have been a novelist. As a matter of fact, he seldom uses the lines provided by a script; he alters them to suit his own ideas of a part and directors don't interfere with his departures because his instinct for the pat word or phrase is so acute.

Anyway, after an evening with his Hibernian pals, Spence always comes to the set the next morning with a rare collection of anecdotes. One of his best deals with Pat O'Brien. Seems that Pat told the boys enthusiastically that he had stuck his pick into a gold mine. He had discovered a way to make a certain type of recording that would reap royalties over a period of twenty or thirty years. "Classics," he told the boys—and you would have to hear Spence tell this to get the full flavor—"that's what all of us have to get in to. Classics. Once you've waxed the master of a series of timeless poems, or of myths, or of some bit of folklore, you've actually established a trust fund for your children. The royalties start rolling in—a steady stream—and will continue to roll in for your kids until they're grown."

As Spence has told me repeatedly, the boogey of theatrical people is security. They make good money for a few years, develop fancy tastes, then spend their downtrend years trying to keep up appearances and some sort of steady, reliable income. Naturally, Pat had a spell-bound audience. Each man around the table hung on his every word. Each man thought of his own particular radio specialty and wondered how he could get into recording to the best advantage. And then Pat said, "I have my first royalty check right here." With a flourish he pulled it from his wallet and passed it to Spence.

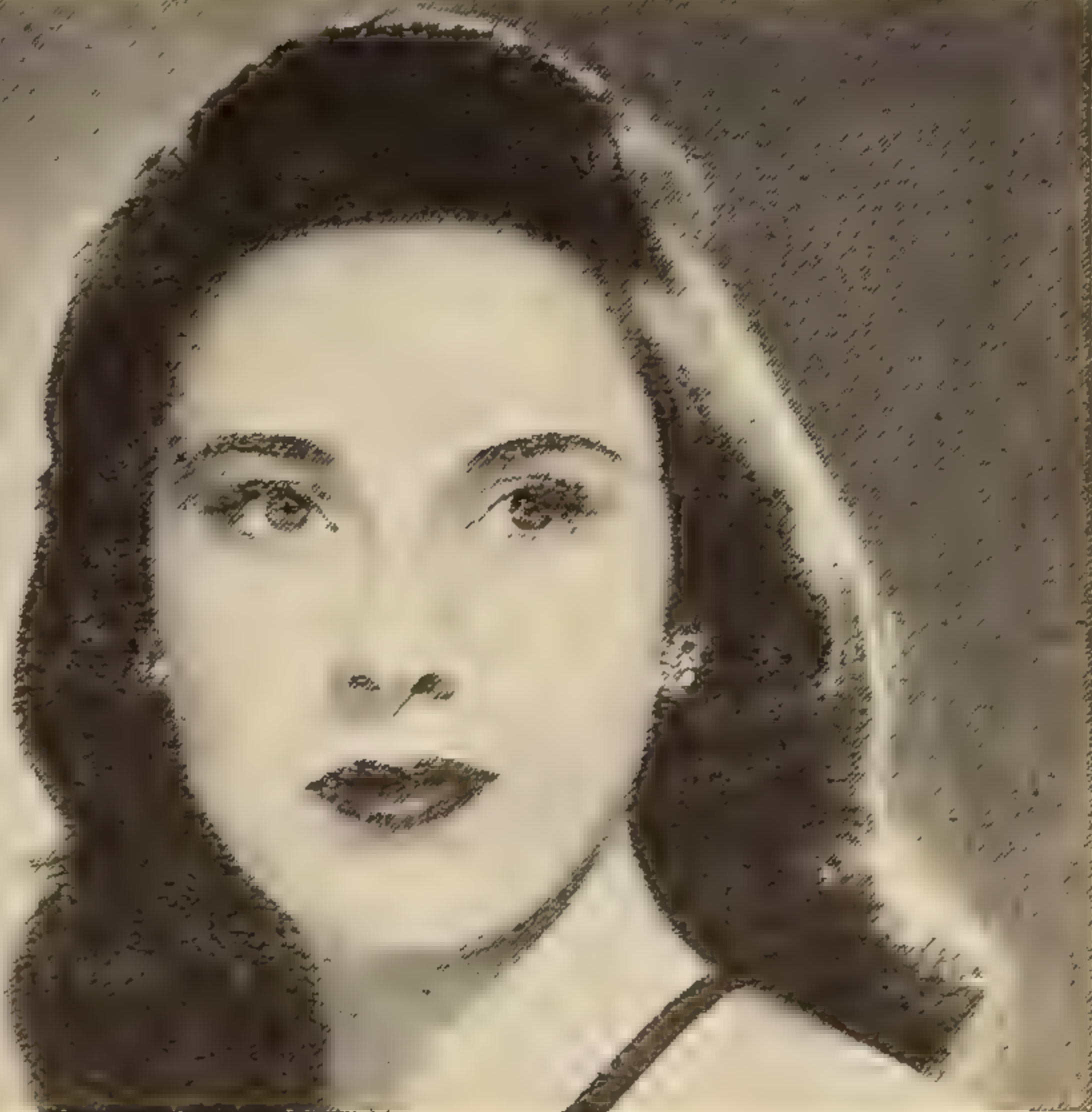
Spence, with his eyes set to read some astronomical figure, looked at the numer-

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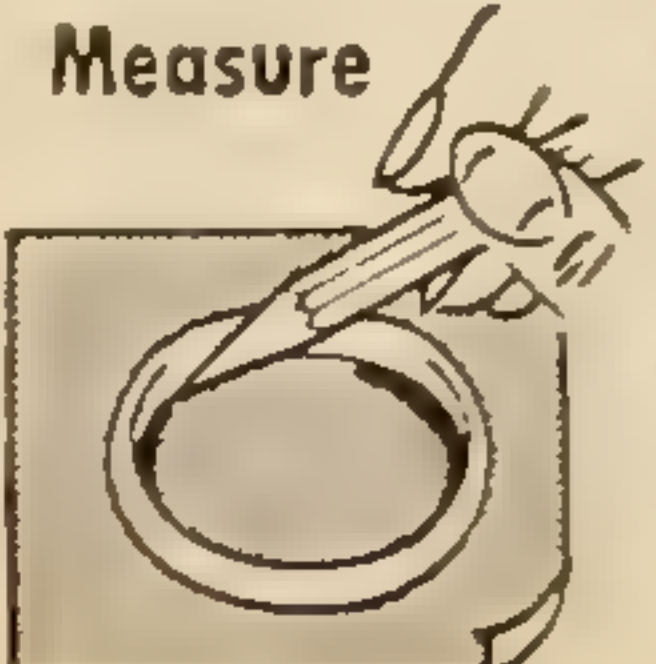
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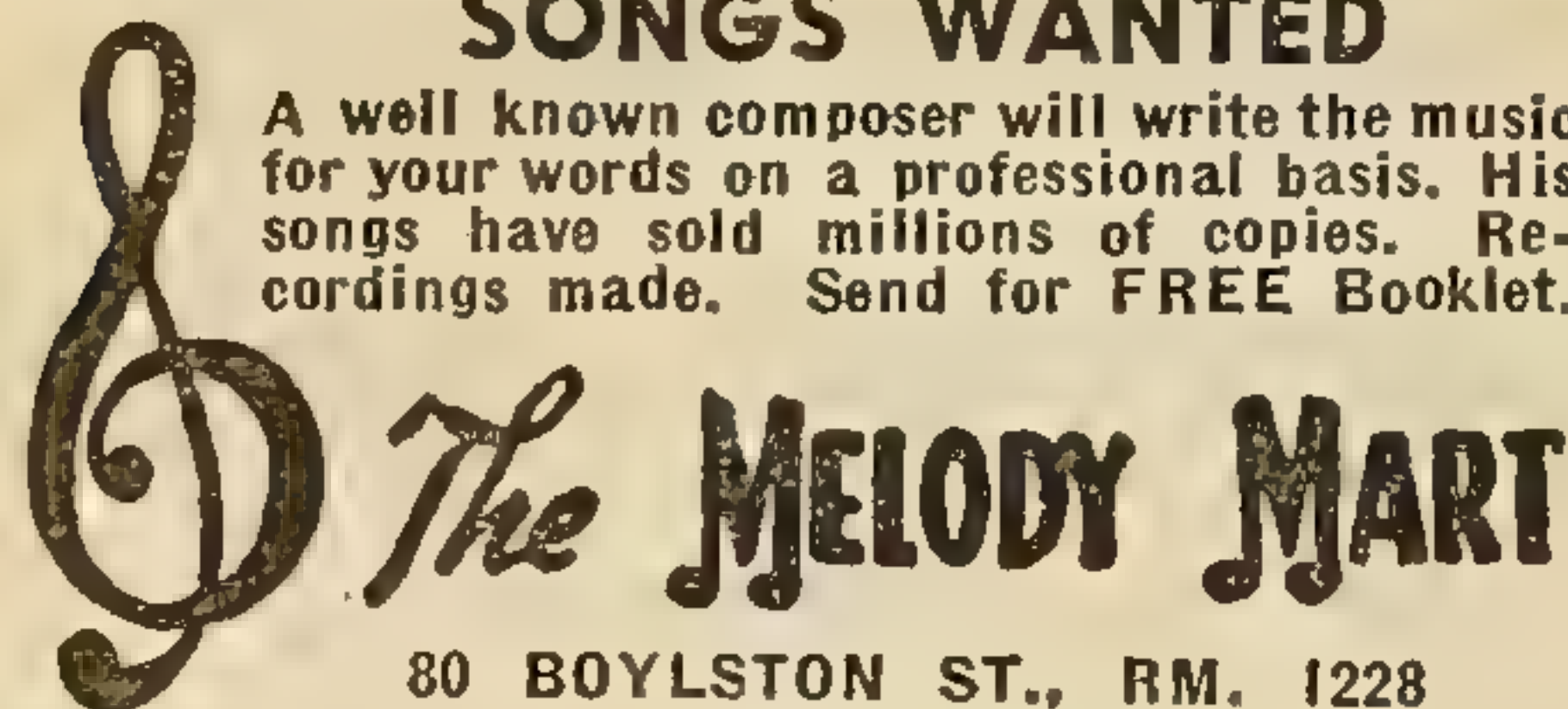
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als, blinked, shook his head, and looked again. Then he folded the check and slid it into his own pocket. Pat begged, threatened physical violence, and exhorted Spence's good sportsmanship, but Spence refused to unpocket that check. He still has it to this day. He tells the story, then he hands over the royalty payment that is supposed to inspire despairing artists to new heights: it is written for one dollar and eighty-seven cents.

Sometimes Spence kids me by discussing these Irish meetings and then saying regretfully that it's a shame I didn't have the wisdom and forethought to be

born under a Shamrock plant. In a way I agree with him, but in a way I don't. There isn't any way under the sun that I could ever get to be the best Irish actor in Hollywood. Not even the second best, nor the third, because—for my money—Spencer Tracy has the lead places all checked off in his name. But, by watching him, by learning from him, by emulating him, I think I have a pretty good chance of being a fair sort of Scandinavian actor.

A lot of wonderful things have happened to me since I came to Hollywood, but the best break of all was meeting Spencer Tracy.

Closed Chapter

Continued from page 29

house without memories is like a house that isn't furnished. For example, that cabinet in the hall that has the painted scenes on all the drawers, was one that used to be in my mother's room in Paris. When I was a little girl and was sometimes sick, the nurse would put me in mother's room and my mother would tell me stories to fit all the scenes. So you see I have memories of even my childhood as well as recollections of parties, friends and all kinds of associations with my house. I wouldn't want to part with them for anything in the world."

Annabella's house is truly a charming place, furnished like an elegant country house in the tree-filled parks which lie in the beautiful environs outside her native Paris. It is typically Annabella and reflects a gracious mode of life, luxurious without being ostentatious in the least. It's as charming as its mistress. Annabella may sell the house, however, and take a smaller one for herself and her daughter whom Tyrone adopted, although Annabella now has complete custody of the little girl. But Annabella is definitely going to maintain a home in California, no matter where her travels may take her.

When we asked about a new romance she smiled and shook her head, "Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "One thing at a time. My career comes first and I'm going to avoid anything that might possibly interfere with it."

"Wasn't there a wealthy Parisian parfumeur you saw a great deal of in Paris last summer?" we asked.

"Naturally I have many friends there I see a lot. There is so much to do in Paris and you do not stay home all the time, you know," she laughed. "But no, there is no one in particular. Hollywood likes to couple your name with some one else's. Since I have been back this time I have read that I have been out with three charming gentlemen I have actually never met! It really surprises me. You sometimes wonder if you had a good time at a place you've never seen with someone you don't know!"

Since we were curious to know about picture-making in France, we asked Annabella how she liked doing this last film which will be released this summer.

"Well, it is hard to say, because it is so different. This new film is the story about a girl in a circus who is caught between two conflicting loves, that of an older, more sophisticated man, and that of a young sort of apache. It is symbolic in that the clown in the circus really represents the conscience of the girl. It is a fascinating story and really quite a simple one. But the great difference for an actress is that in Paris, you pick your own wardrobe, your own makeup and your own coiffure. That is what makes it so exciting. The contrast is so great. Over there you are on your own and then you return here and face an entirely different kind of technique as well as a different kind of camera. That is why I want to be able to make pictures in both places.

"Of course, I particularly like 'The Eternal Conflict' because I had an opportunity to wear some very beautiful clothes, while in my last American film, '13 Rue Madeleine,' as a member of the underground, I never even had a clean face, let alone a change of dress.

"The only person who did not have a chance to dress up in 'The Eternal Conflict' was the chap who played my younger lover. It was very amusing because the director told him to dress like a man of the poorer classes. As I said, the studios in France let you pick your own wardrobe, so when Michael Auclair showed up on the set, the director said to him, 'I know I told you to pick a shabby outfit, but don't you think you are overdoing it just a little?' Auclair smiled and shrugged his shoulders. 'I am sorry, *monsieur le directeur*,' he said, 'but I am not in costume. This is my best suit!'

"Clothes are still so hard to get that I am going to take back as much as I can with me, especially shoes for my friends. For my mother I am going to take tea, which she loves and which is also hard to get, along with sugar and soap. Don't you think I will be popular?" Annabella asked with an impish smile.

We assured her that with her charm and beauty, she wouldn't need any mundane staples in order to win admiration from everyone. We're only delighted that she is so happy, sitting on top of the world and ready to travel all over it.

Everything a Man Desires

Continued from page 27

she is pleasantly charming to Louis B. Mayer and equally so to kids standing in the rain waiting for her appearance.

Athletic Prowess: Esther Williams, because she is beautiful in the water and just as beautiful out of it.

Ability to Wear Clothes: Joan Crawford, because she can wear any of the hats and gowns the designers dream up and still look like a well-groomed, beautiful woman and not a surrealist nightmare.

Music: Diana Lynn, because it would be wonderful to sit in the candle-light and hear her toss off a concerto after dinner.

Doldrum Chaser: Lucille Ball, because she's like a fire-cracker with a Powers girl figure. And because her eyes hold more mischief than a sixth grade playground.

Patience and Fortitude: Peggy Hayward—no further comment.



Virginia Field, Betty Hutton's sister in "Dream Girl," and Michael North, director Michael Curtiz' protege, chat at party.

Summer Showing

Continued from page 45

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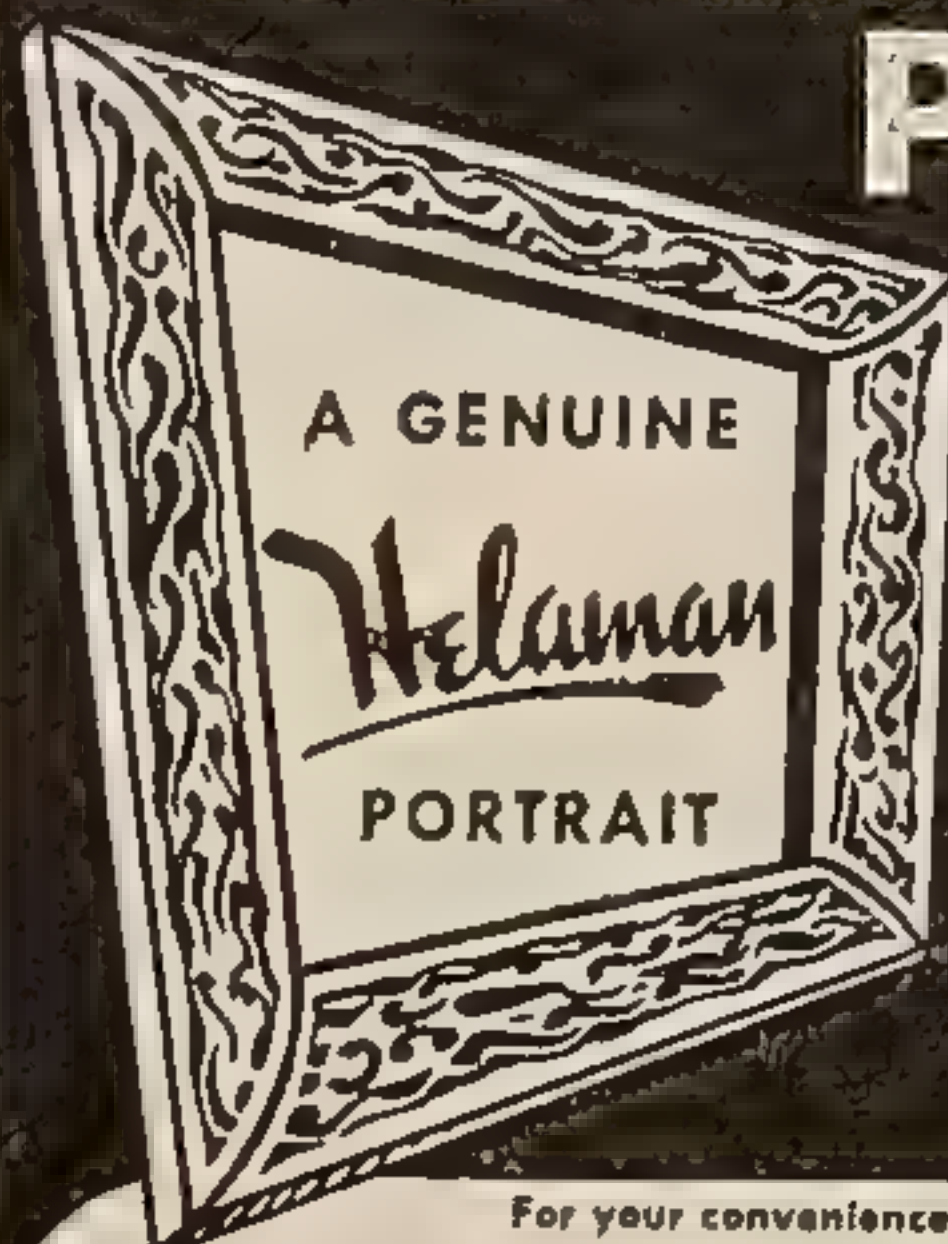
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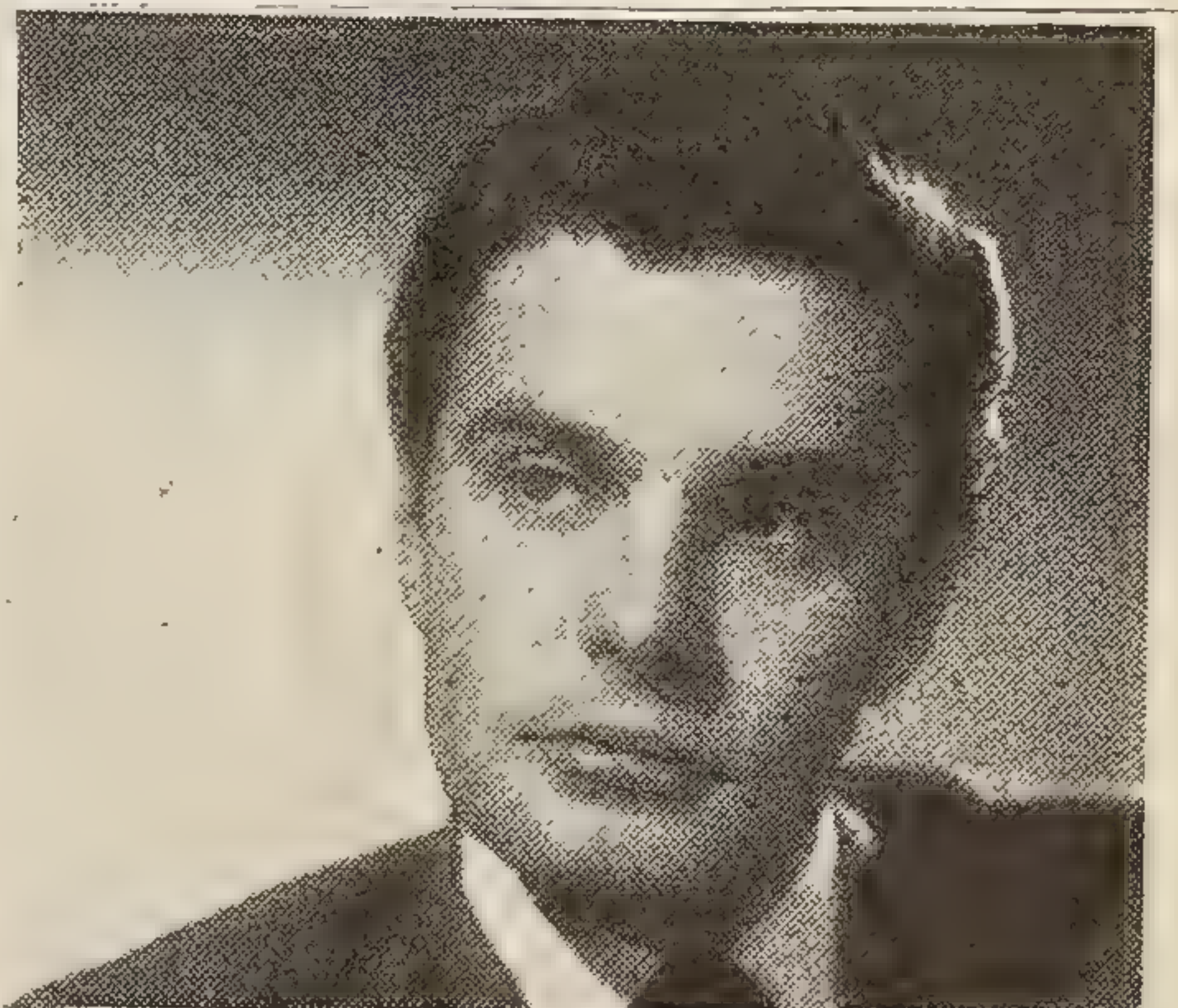
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Cute Face

Continued from page 21

to tease her—and she teases right back. She gets a mad light in her eyes when a new kind of game is mentioned and won't give up until she finds out how to play it. She has an insatiable love for parties and good food. She can be chasing one of the crew around the set one minute, probably because he's pulled a gag on her, and the next minute she and Ivan Moffatt, Stevens' production assistant, will be doing hilarious cockney imitations of Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward singing Coward songs, made slightly more ludicrous by Barbara being dressed in a middy blouse and skirt of the 1910's and Ivan in blue jeans. She had a fanatical loyalty and enthusiasm for the baseball games which the company played on location, rooting and making up improbable yells for George Stevens' team in competition with Irene Dunne who captained the other team.

She loves food, doesn't care who knows it and is apt to jeer at people with obviously well-padded figures who pretend to have dainty appetites. Although she gives the impression of being quite small and fragile she is, by her own admission, "strong as a horse, five feet three, a hundred and fifteen pounds, all well-nourished muscle."

She loves California clothes. A typical favorite outfit is a pair of thong sandals, no stockings, white waffle piqué sun dress with a short blue check shirt, hair pulled back and tied with a ribbon. She is mad about gold jewelry. She wears an old fashioned wide wedding ring, plain wide bracelets and simple gold earrings.

She says she hates to wear hats. "I buy lots of silly ones but that doesn't mean I have to wear them. About once a month I get all dressed up, hat and all, and feel slightly out of character." But she's a standout whether she's in blue flannel slacks rolled up to the knees, white cashmere sweater, sneakers and a ribbon in her hair, or a print dress, high-heeled shoes, hair in a bun—or a party dress with a twelve-inch hem and low black sandals—or her old-fashioned costumes for "I Remember Mama." She is unglamorous the way Bette Davis, Dorothy McGuire, Helen Hayes, Margaret Sullavan are unglamorous. Because, like them, she has individuality and a high-spirited, vital quality that takes her out of the narrow groove which the word glamor has come to mean in Hollywood's dictionary.

Barbara feels no pain at all about the niche she occupies in the movies. "I think it's much more difficult for a girl who's a raving, tearing beauty to prove she can act as well as look beautiful. It's difficult for the acting to stand out above the beauty. Imagine people coming out of the theater saying a gorgeous actress gave a wonderful performance instead of gosh, isn't she beautiful. A natural, realistic actress doesn't distract attention from the character she's supposed to be. The women in the audience look at what's on the screen and don't wish to heck they looked like that. The husbands and boy friends aren't squirming

around wondering why their wives or girl friends can't look like Betty Grable or Lana Turner."

Before Barbara came out here she used to get cold chills thinking about the way fans mobbed their favorites. She didn't know how she could cope with a crowd like that. She still doesn't know. She was rounding the corner from Lucey's one day at noon, dressed in "that get-up," as she calls *Katrin's* middy blouse and skirt, the black cotton stockings and high button shoes which she says "make my legs look funny and bowed." A couple of autograph fans who were hanging around eyed her tentatively. "Who's that?" one asked the other. "Oh, nobody," the other sneered. "Come on, there's Betty Hutton."

Barbara bravely resisted the impulse to stick her tongue out at their retreating backs. It sort of shattered her, particularly since she was with a member of the press, whom she wanted to impress. After that she went to lunch in the RKO commissary with producer Harriet Parsons, writer Dewitt Bodeen, the script boy and others in the gang who worked on the picture.

When she gets too intense about her career, all twisted up in knots, or worried about something that doesn't matter—even though she thinks it does at the time—she runs to Carl and spills it all. Carl (last name Schreuer) is her husband. Barbara says, "He's a smart boy, takes things easy and thinks them out. He's calm, so I calm down. It's a good balance. He can have a cold or a stomach ache and won't tell me about it until a week later. I have to tell him everything that's wrong right away. Golly, wouldn't it be awful if we were both emotional?"

Barbara's very matter of fact and capable about her small daughter Susan and has just started her in nursery school because she thinks Susan should be around other children. She'd like to have another little girl (boys terrify her) but doesn't feel she can take a year from her career right now. And for the same reason she doesn't feel any great urge to go back to the stage until she gets established on the screen. She considers Hollywood her permanent home because, although she misses snow, eastern winters and the crowds and excitement of New York, she prefers her house in Beverly Hills, spacious in comparison to a New York apartment.

"I lived in Milburn, New Jersey, when I was a kid and hadn't heard a cricket or a frog since then—until we moved in this house," she says.

She changes moods quick as lightning. One minute she's mature and serious, the next surprisingly young with the vitality and energy and actions of a teen-ager. She is almost like two people with this amazing contradiction of character. And this young gal won't change, but the definition of glamor will have to, because Barbara has a new kind that gives a different meaning to the word.

Continued from page 38

which Charlie Morrison arranged for her on the eve of her departure for New York. Charlie took over the Champagne Room and had it specially decorated for the occasion. Outside the large windows of the dining room, the gardener had planted great branches of peach blossoms, literally hundreds of them, so that it looked like the whole room was situated right in the middle of a flowering orchard. It was most effective. Pat had Chauncey Gray's orchestra for dancing and among the couples I noticed having a wonderful time on the dance floor were Bruce Cabot and Liz Whitney, Bob Hutton and his lovely wife, Cleatus Caldwell, Lili Damita and Cornel Wilde—although Cornel arrived alone and had everyone dying to know whether he and Pat Wilde will patch things up permanently.

Another surprise was to see Gene Tierney, who had also been at Cukor's party, waltzing by in the arms of her "ex," Oleg Cassini. Don't be too startled if one of these days these two remarry.

Irene Wrightsman had Robert Stack as her devoted swain, but I don't think that romance is going to last, because Irene is getting constant attention from another quarter.

The chap whom Pat had invited to sing as part of the entertainment became very temperamental and refused to sing, so Tony Martin came to the rescue and gave an impromptu concert of all his favorites and ours, which I thought was a really nice gesture.

Speaking of singers, Patrice Munsel, the attractive little coloratura star of the Metropolitan Opera was the guest of honor at a very elaborate cocktail party

which Atwater Kent gave one afternoon recently.

Miss Munsel arrived here to give a recital and practically all the young musical crowd of filmland turned out to welcome her. Kathryn Grayson, Ginny Simms, Marilyn Maxwell, Doris Day and Janis Paige were the leading feminine singing stars in the party and they all remarked on how charming and unassuming the guest of honor, an operatic star, was. Miss Munsel, who came with Philip Reed, was very "New Looking" in an almost ankle-length black satin suit with which she wore only a pearl and diamond choker for jewelry.

We were quite surprised to find that Miss Munsel makes a hobby of palmistry and she entertained a whole group of us by telling our fortunes. When she first volunteered to read my palm, I hesitated and then Charles Korvin got a laugh by tapping me on the shoulder and saying, "Go ahead, Cobina, give the little girl a hand!"

She was truly quite expert and prophesied that I would make another trip abroad this year and that I would also have a radio program so that I could give SCREENLAND readers more news of Hollywood doings on the air.

In fact, Miss Munsel so delighted everyone that after her concert, she was signed to do a picture at MGM.

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger are generally too busy to do much entertaining, but when they do give a dinner party it is always one in perfect taste. The most recent one which Joan gave was for the Peter Rathvons and it was done exquisitely. The Gregory Pecks, the Robert Montgomerys, Annabella with David Selznick, the Brian Ahernes, the George Murphys, Constance Bennett and her husband, Col. Coulter, and Lana Turner with Bob Topping were among the guests.

Several of us were surprised to find that Annabella and Lana had been invited to the same party, but the graciousness with which Annabella walked up to Lana and shook hands put all the others immediately at their ease. I don't know when I've seen a situation, which might have been a little awkward, handled so beautifully. I must take off my John Fredericks' hat to Annabella, although she told me a little later that both she and Lana admitted to being a bit nervous at first.

I was also so happy to see Joan and Constance Bennett on such friendly terms. Whatever differences these two may have had in the past are completely forgotten and they are two of the most devoted sisters I know.

While we are on the subject of wonderful women hostesses, I should like to select ten of my favorite ones in answer to all those flattering queries which I received following my selection of the ten most popular male guests in Hollywood. So, in the June issue of SCREENLAND, would you like to read about the film colony's ten most charming hostesses?



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SOLE OUT-WEARS
LEATHER!

"What Are a Newcomer's Chances in Hollywood?"

Continued from page 43

picture in a magazine, Selznick brought me to Hollywood. And I've been lucky enough to be under contract all my time in this town except for a brief six months. I guess I have a guardian angel!

LON: I, too, had no New York stage experience, Ann. I began as an extra in Hollywood itself, and I worked as an extra for four years. Then I did bit parts for a year. During that time I had many interviews for leads in pictures but I was never physically the type. My break came when I was called on a mass interview for a part in "Stage Door Canteen"—this time I *was* the right type. When I made the test for the rôle, it was the first time, oddly enough, I'd been tested. Yet my experience as an extra had given me enough training so I was ready when my chance came. Don't let anyone tell you extras can't become Stars—Clark Gable and Gary Cooper are only two of the many examples of those who rose from the ranks.

HOLLAND: What do you consider the hardest problem as far as getting a start in Hollywood?

ANN B: Getting the right break. Period.

LON: I think the biggest problem is knowing where to begin. Once you know the various casting directors in town and once you immunize yourself against being afraid to go to studios and ask for work, you're on the right track. It's the first in everything that's hard—the first interview, the first test, etc.

ANN S: Not appreciating the amount of work involved that is necessary for success in this business has always seemed *the* big problem to me. Too many kids are overly impressed with the glamor of pictures.

GREG: I don't think there's any one key that will open the door. It's a combination of experience and luck. Yet you can't depend on luck while you're waiting for a break. You must help yourself by doing everything to add to your training. Here's my advice to young hopefuls: if you don't show enough promise to get at least a small part in some good little theater company, then, for heaven's sake, **GET OUT OF THE BUSINESS!**

HOLLAND: What's your idea of this, Susan?

SUSAN: Since I never went through any great problems, I really can't answer that question. But I can remember when Larry Parks was doing work in little theaters—which just goes to show you that there is a chance for you, if you have the ability.

HOLLAND: What, then, are the best ways to avoid the pitfalls here?

SUSAN: Let's first find out what the pitfalls are. I guess the most obvious is that pointed out by Ann Sothorn—don't confuse glamor with the business. I also think it's a good idea to avoid trying to be like everyone else and to stop thinking that being seen in night clubs will get you in pictures. Both problems are

easy to avoid: *don't* go to night clubs and *do* remember that patterns are a dime a dozen. Individuality is worth its weight in diamonds. Frankly, however, I don't think there are any more pitfalls in Hollywood than in any other industry.

ANN B: I think the danger of losing your perspective and sense of values is the worst pitfall. Not knowing what is right and what is wrong. Also the danger of losing your confidence, something most young people face. If you have ability, don't give up!

ANN S: But don't believe your talent is greater than it is. Don't be swayed by home town successes. And develop a strong hide so you can take the rebuffs you're bound to get.

LON: If you have common sense and financial security, you can avoid many difficulties. But the pitfalls are not Hollywood pitfalls—rather they are human pitfalls. Anyone, in Hollywood or anywhere else, must have high morals because if a producer thinks you have talent, he's not going to lead you into the paths of sin. In other words, the old idea of girls being "propositioned" to get a part is vastly overrated. I don't know of any girls who have been treated like this. The whole thing, after all, depends on the character of the person involved. A little idealism doesn't hurt.

HOLLAND: We're going into that topic in greater detail later, Lon, so I'm glad you mentioned it. What's your view of this now, Greg?

GREG: Stay away—then you won't have to worry about pitfalls! But if you are already here, then have confidence in yourself and faith in your eventual good luck. If you keep working hard, you'll stay out of trouble. By working, I mean to work on your own—to read books on voice and diction, to read parts in Shakespeare's plays, and use your own experience in life to help you with the analysis of the various rôles. And keep active in sports, since they help to make your bodily movements more graceful.

HOLLAND: One of the biggest drawbacks in town are the phony rackets—how can such rackets be spotted?

ANN S: Go to a good contact, someone who might know what's what, and get his advice. Or attend any regular and legitimate little theater—and by legitimate I mean those places that do not charge you a fee for taking a part. That's an awful racket here in town.

GREG: I think it all depends on the reputation of the people who are running schools and agencies. Find out first the motives of the people who are in charge, learn their background, and talk to other students. Above all, don't go into any school blindly. When I first went for an interview at the dramatic school I attended, the president said, "I'd advise you to forget this and go back to California. You haven't a chance in the business." She told that to all of the kids. Some did leave and never came back.



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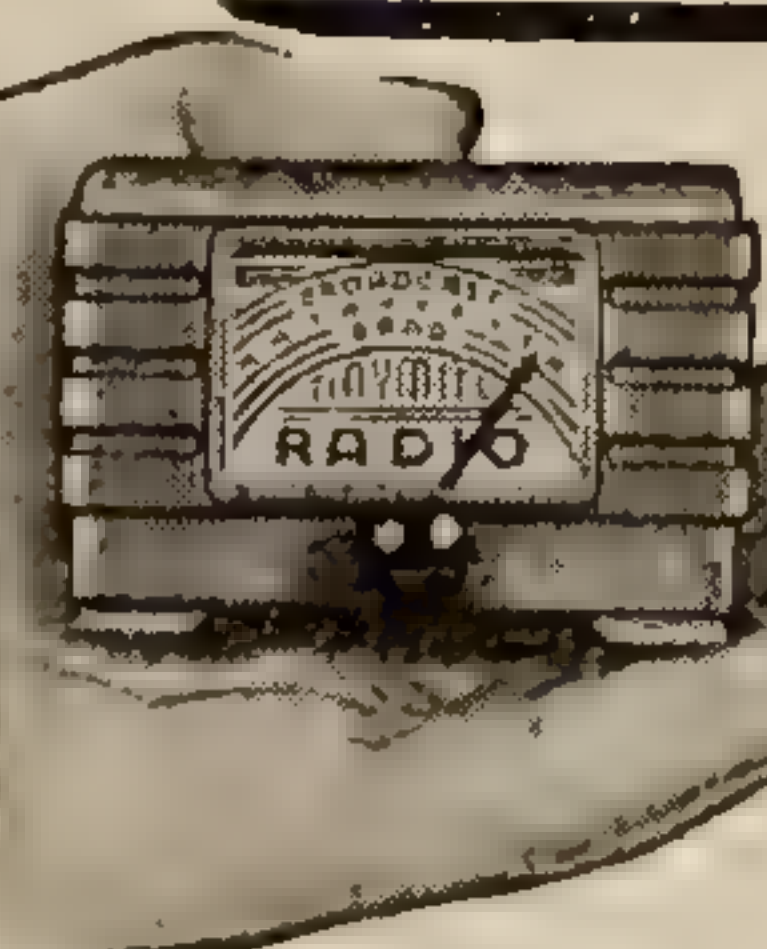
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Others, like myself, stayed. She later said she had made that remark purposely to find out who had the ambition and determination to go through the course. Unless they had that determination, she wanted no part of their \$500 tuition fee.

SUSAN: My only suggestion to those of you who live outside of Hollywood is this: if you're in a play, and if you think you have talent, go to one of the studio exchanges in your city and ask him to come see you in the play. He can then send a note to a talent scout in Hollywood, if he thinks you have something, telling him to come give you a look-see. That's a round-about way, but it can work.

HOLLAND: Just how do you think kids can get a good agent to handle them?

ANN B: That's a toughie! If you get a good agent right away, it's just a stroke of luck. The chances of a big time agency spotting you sitting in a drug store drinking a milk shake, for instance, are very slim.

SUSAN: I think I take the prize for the most original way to get an agent. When I came here and Mr. Selznick tested me, he felt I was too young so he told me to go back to New York and do stock. My sister and I took a little apartment and we got a bicycle to use for transportation. One day, I was riding around the neighborhood for exercise when I suddenly found I couldn't stop my bike. I crashed right through the window of an apartment next to ours. The people inside came out to see if I was hurt. One of those who rushed to my aid happened to be an agent—and that's how I got mine.

HOLLAND: Up to this point, we've given a lot of good advice. Now I'd like to find out what typical advice you think kids should ignore.

GREG: I don't think most advice sticks with kids for long, so let them learn from hard experience.

ANN S: As far as I'm concerned, I'd definitely ignore the old-hat advice: "Get to know the right people." True talent will find its own medium.

SUSAN: I repeat again—don't be a sucker by following the advice to be like an established star. Be yourself!

LON: The advice that makes me ill is the old story that the cheapest agent or producer tells you—you must "live" a part before you can play it!

ANN B: For my two bits, forget completely the advice of the drama coach of your senior play when he says, "You should be in pictures."

HOLLAND: And now we come to a real problem: Supposing a young kid has come to Hollywood and can't get a break. He or she has a lot of pride, however, and doesn't want to go home a failure. What can be done to combat that pride?

ANN S: Anyone who comes out here and thinks she's going to get in pictures is completely naïve. If you're not successful, be strong enough to admit it and go back home. Hollywood is paved with kids who didn't go home and who lost their self-respect. Don't add to that list.

SUSAN: This reminds me of a corny line—"the biggest pride of all is having

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no pride at all." So you do go home a failure and you're laughed at or criticized. So what! Those who laugh at you didn't have the courage to try as you did. To admit you couldn't make the grade is nothing to be ashamed of anyway. Instead, it makes you a great person.

GREG: Kids who come here unprepared are not only foolish but they cheapen themselves and cut off their best source of experience and improvement. As for the pride business, I say, "To hell with the pride! Go home!" Anyone who is such a fathead as to say, "I knew you wouldn't make it," is no friend. Your courage in going home must be admired. Besides, what's wrong about making a mistake?

LON: If you do come here, I think you should give yourself a specified time—say, two years. If at the end of that time you haven't made any progress, go somewhere else where you might be used—radio, for instance. But you must be honest with yourself in this business about your chances. Burning ambition isn't all that's important. If going home means you'll retard your life, then I can't honestly advise you to take this step. But if it means returning to friends and a good life, then I say—okay, as long as it doesn't mean back-tracking. I quit pictures entirely to go to college since I felt college was more important, but I had no intention of giving up my career for good.

ANN B: I think false pride is a terrible thing. To go home is no disgrace. Later on, you can try your luck again. After all, girls who left home to be secretaries and models have had to face the same situation.

HOLLAND: A while ago, Lon mentioned the moral aspects of our topic. Let's go into that further. How can these young hopefuls, girls especially, who fail to get ahead avoid the temptation to take the easy road?—and by that I mean to turn to less reputable vocations.

LON: I can only say that if a girl is going to flaunt her sex appeal, she'll find herself on the wrong road in Hollywood or anywhere else. The best guide any young girl can use is her own conscience. That is, if she really wants a tangible, lasting success.

GREG: Definitely a girl's morals are her own tipoff to her character. What she'd do in Hollywood she'd do any place. I admit it's easier to weaken when you're away from home and no one is watching you, but that all depends on the kind of stuff you're made of. Anyone who is serious about a career won't let setbacks make her fall apart like that. Any lack of moral strength shows a lack of purpose in life.

ANN S: I don't think any of the so-called easy ways actually work. I beg all these girls who may not be successes to remember that promises easily made are seldom kept. There is temptation, yes, and lots of it, but each girl must have the character to resist it.

SUSAN: If only girls would realize there is no compromise with their ability! They're selling their talent *only*—which is their gift to the industry. They get no

where by thinking there's an easy way. They have to live with themselves, and that's important to remember.

ANN B: I can only add—be honest with yourself and remember success comes hard. *There is no easy way.*

HOLLAND: For our last question, what must young kids who do manage to get a studio contract or a part learn if they're not going to throw away their success? And don't forget our parting shots.

LON: I think any young person getting a break should remember to make friends with the people with whom he or she works. Once you're a success and are popular, you'll have enough enemies. And if you get a contract—you'll really work hard then if you have any sense.

SUSAN: Be on time, do the best you can, retain your individuality, and be afraid of no one or nothing. And that's all from me.

GREG: Stick to your knittin'! Don't lose respect for the job to be done and especially look at people who have reached greatness. Once you get to thinking you know it all, watch the really great stars and see how little you actually know. That'll show you how little getting a contract and some publicity actually mean. Your challenge to yourself then must be: how good can I become? How far can I go?

ANN B: And, above all, don't forget to keep your two feet on the ground. It's awfully easy for success to throw you.

ANN S: My rules for behaviour are simply: (1) Work, work, work!—if you are fortunate enough to be under contract, there are unlimited opportunities to learn at all studios; (2) go on the sets and watch others work; (3) make tests with anyone you're asked to; (4) **LIS-TEN!**; (5) start with small parts and work up as you learn; don't expect star rôles to come at once; (6) don't be carried away or impressed by seeing your name in a gossip column or by your night club appearances; (7) be a lady and be a gentleman. And let me reiterate, for my parting shot, that if you're one of the chosen few today who gets an opportunity in Hollywood, be grateful, learn humility, and realize you must earn and merit your success.

LON: I can only add that a beginner's chances today are more difficult than they were ten years ago. There are so many more who want to make acting their life, so you must be better prepared than those who began twenty or thirty years ago. You have to give pictures something or they won't give you anything.

ANN B: The chances for newcomers in Hollywood aren't as wonderful as people make them out to be, so get on radio or do stock first.

SUSAN: For my money, we need some really fine actors!

GREG: Your chances are **VERY SLIM**. Stay out of Hollywood and the theater unless you're interested in *hard work*. If you want only glamor and publicity, you're dead to begin with!

HOLLAND: Thanks for some very honest and constructive advice. And, to you readers, thanks for your many helpful letters. So long for now.

Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 49

thing," and "You Are Never Away." A recreation that's super! Victor album K 11)

STAN KENTON: More of that throbbing foundation laid down by the number one kid, the Long Leanster who broke it up into teensy pieces on F.R.'s "One Night Stand" at Carnegie. "Lover" spots the tenor of Vido Musso and the trombone of Kai Winding, and if anyone says the Kenton band doesn't swing, glue his tympanum to this slab. Flip finds that demi-tasse of a lass, June Cristy, putting down one of her best deals ever on "Soothe Me," a groovy blues, and 'twill make you feel good in your thirsty ears. (Capitol)

NELLIE LUTCHER: The "real gone gal" setting up her freshest hue and cry and knocking out a wonderful beat on "Fine Brown Frame," really curling every ounce of her own handsome frame around every note. Zounds! Turn her around for "The Pig Latin Song"—eye-yay ovlay ooyay eryvay uchmay. You figure it out—then you'll be whispering the same jive to your one and ownys. (Capitol)

HARRY JAMES: "I Understand," "East Coast Blues." Let the arches fall where they may, 'cause you'll be strop-pin' your insteps to Jessie James' Daddy's fresh etchin' of a beauty of a few years ago, Flo. Buddy DiVito strings his vocal chords around this beauty and Betty's boy is all over the rutted wax with that mellifluous horn. Yummy! Backside's got the flavor of H.J.'s "One and Two O'Clock" jumps and crackles like a runaway high tension wire. A fine potion of commotion that romps like mad! (Columbia)

BING CROSBY: "But Beautiful," "The One I Love." Smack from his own flicker, the owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates throws his head back, starts that wart on the larynx quivering, and *voila!*—another enticing slicing for your Crosby collection. El Bingo must've been feelin' good over that golf score when he cut these, 'cause he's in fine shape! And that's not tomato juice! (Decca)

SAM DONAHUE: "Robbins' Nest," "Tacos, Enchiladas and Beans." That nest is F.R.'s, and this is the first of a long line of cookies baked by oodles of bands of the song first dedicated to this kid by Illinois Jacquet. Caught on, and there'll be about ten different slabs of it. Whatta kick to have a record made for you! Flip is by Mel Torme and Bob Wells and spots canary Shirley Lloyd, those three famous dishes being the first loves in her life. Honey of a novelty! (Capitol)

ALSO EARWORTHY: Les Brown and company on "Dream Girl," vocal by Ray Kellogg, and "Love Is So Terrific" with Eileen Wilson chirpin' (Columbia); Dick Haymes on "Little White Lies" and "Treasure of Sierra Madre" (Decca); Freddy Martin's "Treasure of S.M.," "Don't Call It Love," "Why Does It Have to Rain on Sunday," and "Beginner's Boogie" (adapted from "chop-

sticks"); Page Cavanaugh's "Ok'l Baby Dok'l" and "I Would Do Anything for You."

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GIRLS IN JAZZ: If you think the tender gender can't play that stuff, this new sheaf will change your mind. The chicks are Vivian Garry and June Rottenberg, bass; Edna Williams and Tex

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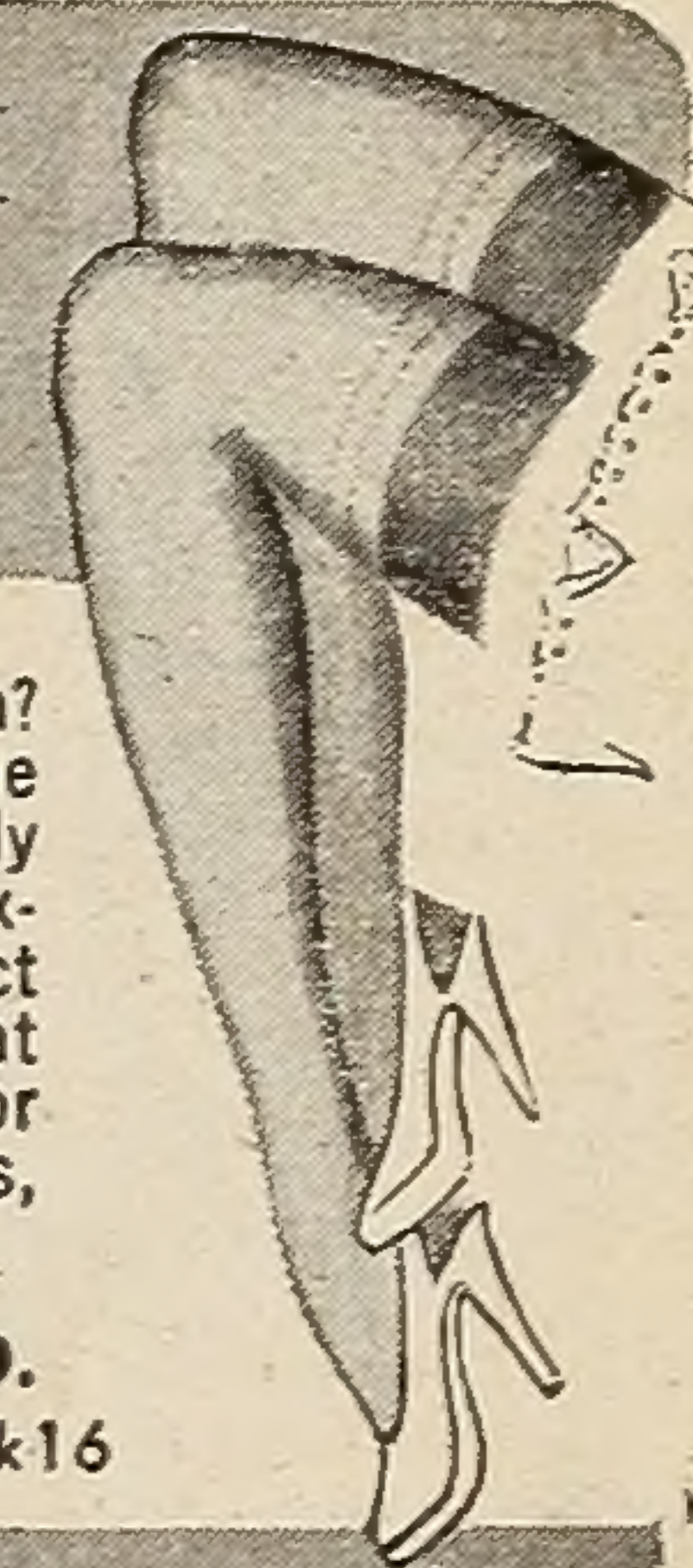


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Quicker

Nature often causes a boil to come to a head and thus ease painful misery... BUT... doctors agree that moist heat coupled with a poultice action helps bring boils to a head quicker. An easy, practical way for you to apply moist heat is by using proven, world-famous



Antiphlogistine



Helps in 3 ways... 1—eases pain and tension... 2—softens the boil, relieving soreness... 3—increases blood circulation, localizes and brings the boil to a head quicker.



***MRS. PARADINE
IS ON TRIAL
FOR HER LIFE**

**Valli*

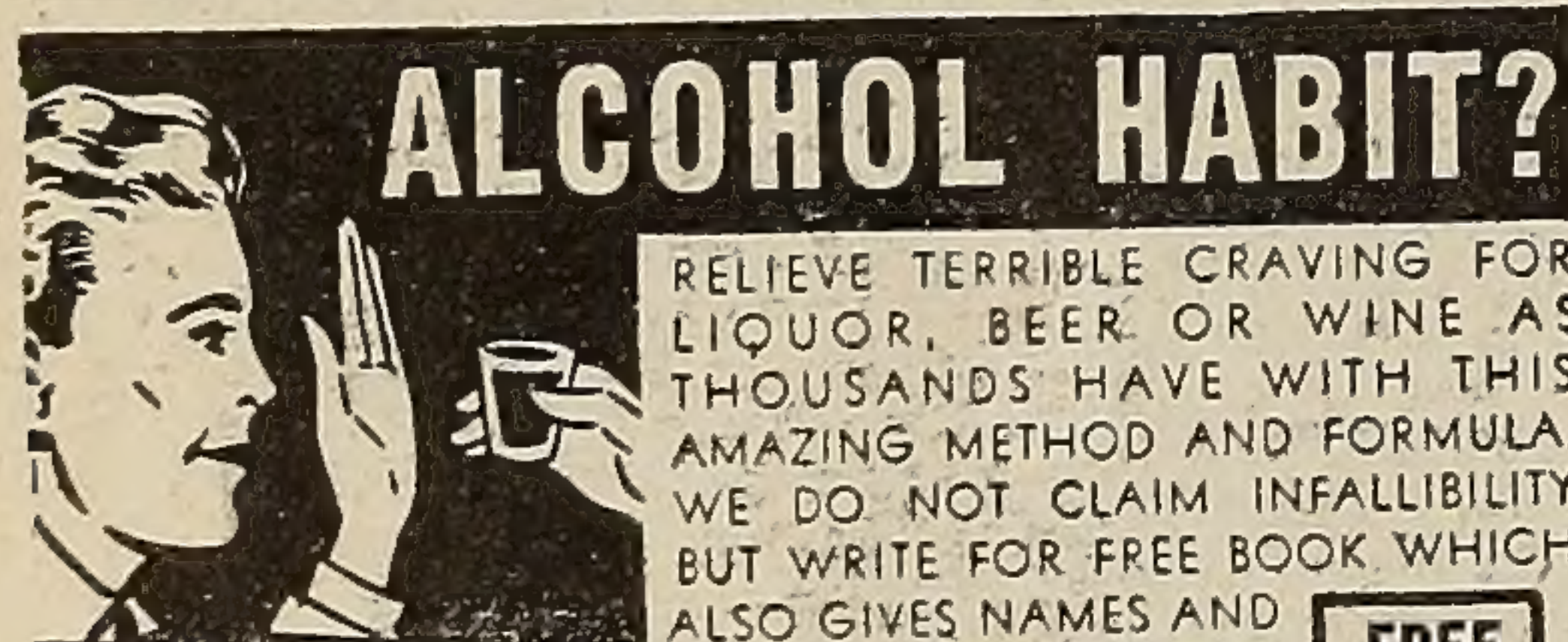
*One of the 7 great stars in
DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

THE PARADINE CASE

starring
**GREGORY PECK • ANN TODD
CHARLES LAUGHTON • CHARLES COBURN
ETHEL BARRYMORE and 2 new Selznick stars
LOUIS JOURDAN and VALLI**

ATTENTION MOVIE FANS!

Send 25c to Selznick Studio, Box 101, Culver City, Calif.
for autographed 8" x 10" picture of Valli



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RELIEVE TERRIBLE CRAVING FOR
LIQUOR, BEER OR WINE AS
THOUSANDS HAVE WITH THIS
AMAZING METHOD AND FORMULA.
WE DO NOT CLAIM INFALLIBILITY
BUT WRITE FOR FREE BOOK WHICH
ALSO GIVES NAMES AND
ADDRESSES OF MEN AND WOMEN IT HAS HELPED!

**FREE
BOOK**

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A real break for you. Send your poems to
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Nobody today need go through life with the
handicap of a badly shaped nose or other dis-
figured features. In "YOUR NEW FACE IS
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by a noted Plastic Surgeon, he shows how
simple corrections "remodel" the badly shaped
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FRANKLIN HOUSE, BOOKS
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Stansberry, trumpet; Wini Beatty, Mary
Lou Williams, Jackie King and Beryl
Booker, piano; Mary Osborne, guitar;
Ginger Smock, violin; Margie Hyams,
vibraharp; Violet Burnside, tenor; Dody
Jeske, Bridget O'Flynn and Rose Gottes-
man, drums. They'll convince you a
woman's place is in the groove as they
wend their delicate way through eight
sets, and they don't come on like the
"Hour of Charm," either. So when any-
one tells you chicks are nowhere in mu-
sic, shove this at 'em. (Victor HJ 11)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

And the kid is loaded with linen to
F.R. these days, but it makes no never
mind. Keep drownin' us in the pulp so
we can just about gulp! Any little thing
'bout bands, cookies, canaries, and sharps
and flats in general. Like these, Louise:

Dear Fred: Did Bing Crosby make a
record of "Just One More Chance" and
where can I grab it?

Sincerely,
Nina Keating,
Springfield, Miss.

Dear Nina: Yes, Bing recorded it on
Brunswick, 'twas reissued on Columbia
and now is part of Pittsburgh Pirate
chief's album at almost any jump dump.
Keep trying.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: Did Mel Torme record
"Lucky In Love"? I loved the way he
sang it in "Good News." How 'bout
"Best Things in Life Are Free"?

Sincerely,
Bev Burnham, Seattle, Wash.
Ann Balestuni, Boston, Mass.

Dear Ann and Bev: From two different
parts of the Eagle's Nest and you both
love the Velvet Fog. He's really covering
these 48. He has waxed "Best Things in
Life" on Muscraft but not "Lucky in
Love." That's done in the MGM album
by June Allyson.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: Hip me about the cookies
Ingrid Bergman baked.

Sincerely,
E. Lozitch,
Detroit, Mich.

Dear E: Ingrid did an album for Decca
of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." Won-
derful, too.

Recordially, F. R.

Dear Fred: Tell us about the songs Peter
Lawford (hubba) did in "Good News."
He knocks me out. Is he married?

Sincerely,
Pat D'Amato, Chester, Pa.
Clara Yarbray, San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Pat and Clara: He did that won-
derful "French Lesson" with June Al-
lyson in the picture and you can buy the
album and wear it out *molte allegro*. Far
as I know he's still telling the chicks to
line up on the right so you can step right
in line with them.

Janet Hayes, Henderson, N. C.: Bing's
theme that made him famous, and vice
versa, is "Blue of the Night," although
the same can be said of dozens of his
other records. You can almost take your
choice.

Sophie Julian, San Diego, Calif. and
Mrs. Eunice Martin, Columbia, S. C.:
Yes, Freddie Stewart is married and his
wife is the "Dream Lady" you dig on
his biscuits. He's about 5 feet 7, dark
and oh, so hubba! And you can glim him
in Monogram Pictures.

Mary Fox, Central Falls, R. I.: I love
Vaughn Monroe personally but he still
can't sing. Don't care how many million
cookies he sells, he still sounds like there's
a clothespin on his pretty nose. And I
still say he's a wonderful guy, but .

Vivian Haddad, Springfield, Mass.:
Yes, Johnny Johnston is chained to
Kathy Grayson. Lucky devil.

Paul Armendarez, Tokyo, Japan: Nel-
lie Lutchter is from California, her la'est
cookie is reviewed a coupla paragraphs
back, and she really comes on strong.
She's about thirtyish and knocked out
all of us over here, too.

Anne Campbell, Montreal, Quebec:
"Gone With the Wind" was made by
Maxine Sullivan with Claude Thornhill
on Vocalion; Martha Raye did it on
Columbia and all the other major com-
panies also have cookies of it. Dig their
catalogues. Beautiful, *n'est-ce pas?*

No more time to chin, Min, so we'll
fold our Royal and silently steal away
till June starts bustin' out all over.

Address your letters to Fred Rob-
bins, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37
West 57th Street, New York 19,
N. Y.



Movies happily married co-stars, Dale Evans
and Roy Rogers, join the dancers at Bever-
ly Hills Hotel. They're considering plans
now for personal appearances in England.

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NEW! a *Liquid* 'LIPSTICK'

CAN'T SMEAR!

WON'T RUB OFF!

GIVES EXOTIC COLOR!



INSTANTLY...

make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Here's the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick" at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to prevent cream lipstick from smearing, too. Just brush on a coat of Liptone after lipstick.

and **CHEEKTONE** . . . Roses in your cheeks without rouge! A "miracle" preparation. The effect is absolutely natural and lovely. Lasts all day.



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"I find Liquid Liptone perfect for movie love scenes. Liptone protects my costumes too!"—**Rhonda Fleming** under contract to Vanguard Films, Inc., producers of *Portrait of Jennie*, a Selznick International Picture.



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Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. Tax) for each.

Please check:

- ☐ **Medium**—Natural true red—very flattering.
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- ☐ **Regal**—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ **Scarlet**—Flaming red—definitely tempting.
- ☐ **Orchid**—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ **English Tint**—Inviting coral-pink.
- ☐ **CHEEKTONE**—"Magic"—natural color.

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MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA (applied without water) comes in handy leatherette case, \$1. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.) Shades: Black, Brown, Blue.



MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL, soft, smooth quality, fine point — so easy to use! Purse size, 10c. Professional size, 25c. Shades: Black, Dark Brown and Light Brown.



MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW in subtle shades of Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.



Smart, modern girls and women are realizing that made-up lips make neglected eyes appear dull and drab by contrast.

It's so easy to give your eyes *their* full share of beauty-magic—with MAYBELLINE! A few simple brush strokes of this famous Mascara will make your lashes look naturally dark, long and luxuriant. And it's so easy to shape your brows gracefully with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then behold the difference! Your eyes are so much lovelier! Your entire face is more attractive, for your make-up is perfectly balanced—*completely* flattering.

So never, never forget to accent your eyes, daytime or evening. Only be sure you use MAYBELLINE, the eye make-up in good taste — preferred by smart women everywhere.

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